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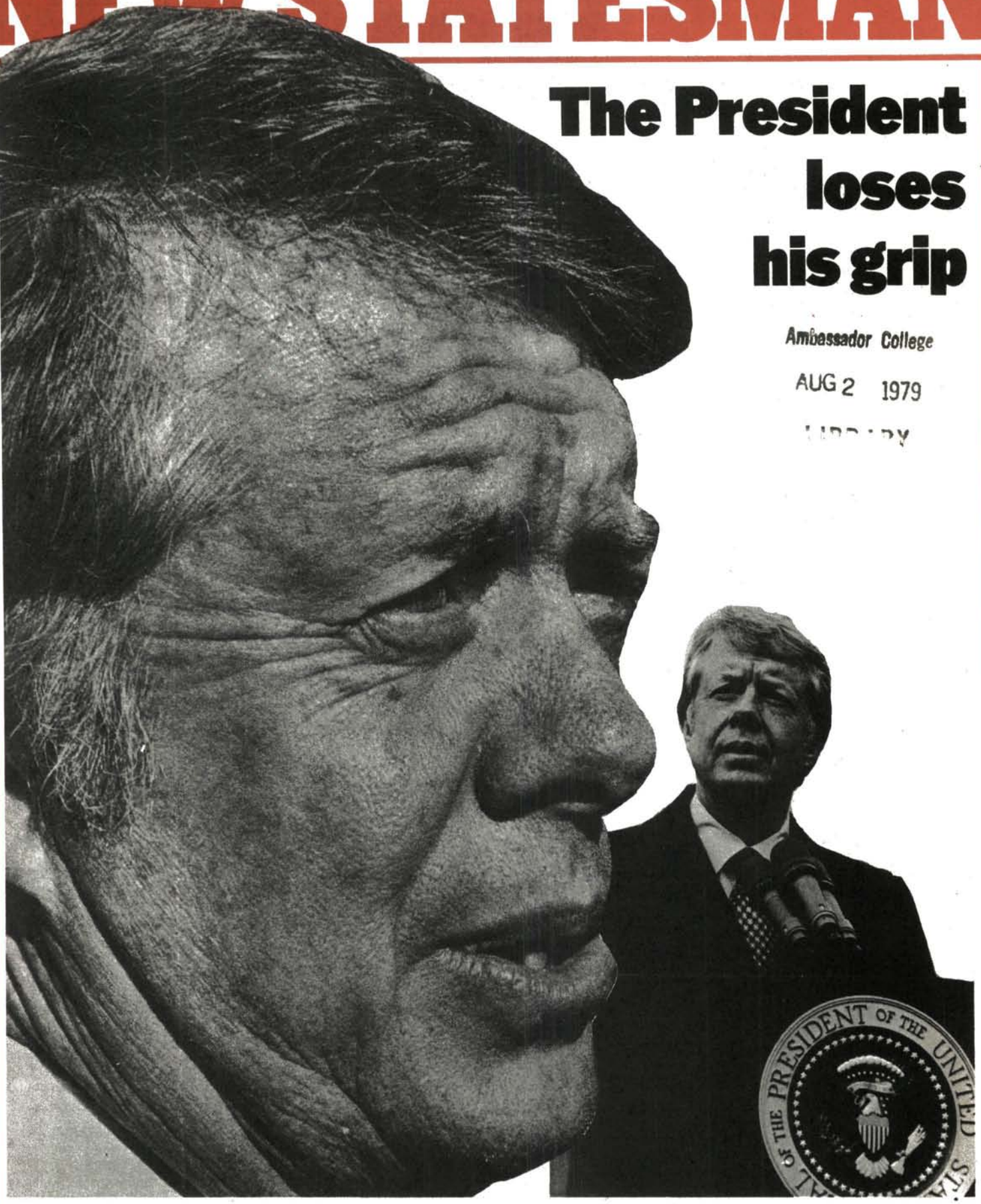

The President loses his grip

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Thomas Balogh on the oil crisis

Breakthrough for homeless families

Henry Livings: theatre crisis

Moynihan's Apologia/Berlin's Essays

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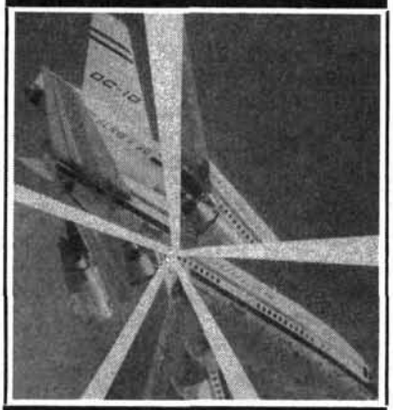
Fear of flying in the face of Big Business



OVER THE LAST week or two, the British press has been diligent in defence of the McDonnell Douglas DC-10 – certain failings of which were analysed rather unequivocably in last week's NEW STATESMAN.'BRITAIN'S DC/10S CLEARED' ran the jubilant pop/paper headlines, over stories which seemed to suggest that high-speed safety checks were somehow a contribution to the export drive. Due deference was paid to Sir Freddie Laker's claim that none of *his* passengers was exhibiting concern about the transport he was offering them, and we heard about British airline officials deploring the fact that 'unqualified' persons were being allowed to criticise the DC-10. (This seemed to apply to Captain Philip Hogue of the US National Transportation Safety Board, who said that he would not himself fly in a DC-10 at present. Captain Hogue's qualifications are based on nothing more than a thirty-year career on the flight-deck.) After one or two obeisances towards criticism, the posh air correspondents of the *Observer* and the *Financial Times* assured their readers that the DC-10, really, was a jolly good aeroplane after all. (The latter, in what was billed as a 'close look' at the DC-10 story, portrayed its safety-record by the use of comparison figures which *included* a quite irrelevant ground collision accident involving two Boeing 747s, and apparently *excluded* the recent, horrific DC-10 crash at Chicago.)

This kind of reporting – Simon Winchester in the *Daily Mail* provided an honourable exception – looks something worse than silly in the wake of the US Federal Aviation Administration's decision to withdraw the DC-10's 'type certificate'. This is the document which agrees that an aircraft's overall design conforms to the minimum safety standards which the FAA lays down for commercial aircraft: the use of such a sanction against a modern jetliner is dramatic, and almost unprecedented. In detail, what happened was that the FAA – obviously reluctant to ban a machine whose operations are economically vital to the world transport system – originally imposed a directive saying that all DC-10s should be checked, each 100 hours' flying-time, for signs of cracking in the pylons by which the engines are attached to the wings. Late on Tuesday night it emerged that two American Airlines DC-10s, which had just passed their 100-hour checks, had been submitted to their regular overall airframe checks – and had been found to have newly-developed cracks. Confronted with evidence that degeneration could proceed with such alarming speed, the FAA presented McDonnell Douglas, at 4.40 a.m., with notice that the aircraft's certification was revoked until further notice.

Inevitably, the British and European airworthiness authorities were forced to follow suit. Perhaps equally inevitably, McDonnell Douglas have responded with claims – so far unsubstantiated – that the whole crisis should be blamed on the airlines which have not maintained the DC-10 correctly.

THE CONSEQUENCES for the international airline business – including Laker Airways and British Caledonian – are of course appalling. As we showed last week, the remarkable speed with which the DC-10 was built, and the relentless vigour which was applied to marketing it, gave the aircraft in its sales heyday a great commercial advantage over its rivals (chiefly the Lockheed TriStar, the European A330B Airbus, and certain variants of the Boeing 747). It provides, therefore, a million passenger-seats a week for an industry just entering its critical summer season. Without doubt, the commercial dominance which the DC-10 has achieved produced pressure on the safety authorities to keep it flying as long as possible: few engineers, surely, can have been happy operating a machine which required to be examined, literally every few flights, for signs of lethal disintegration in the basic airframe.

But the wider implications, in this country, concern not just the safety of airline passengers, but rather the capacity of the British information-media to provide serious information, and to ask serious questions, when matters of corporate power and high technology are involved. Newspapers which are able to achieve instantaneous hysteria over every notional 'threat to life' from a group of ambulance-drivers or hospital porters disseminate, straight-faced, corporate assurances that the great industrial organisations of the western world have nothing but the public weal at heart. The story of the DC-10, though you might not think so to read some of the emollient outpourings of the air-correspondents, contains evidence of an indifference to human life which quite outdoes any of the tales that the tabloids told us last winter: the even bloodier crash outside Paris in 1974 was specifically predicted, but the prediction, which was commercially unwelcome, was ignored. Unhappily, the complaisance and ignorance of the British press extends just as easily to the operations of oil companies in the North Sea, to military salesmen in the Middle East and to drug companies offering relief to harassed housewives.

One cannot, reasonably, blame corporate spokesmen for talking their own corner. But one is entitled to be revolted by the sweetheart relationship between the British press and the corporate powers upon which it pretends to report. One by-product of the Chicago tragedy is that it makes that relationship unavoidably clear.

The failing is structural. Newspapers find it easy and economically convenient to cover a whole industry through one or two 'specialist' correspondents. Lacking the means to undertake genuinely independent reporting, such 'specialists' can hardly avoid becoming dependent upon the firms which provide them with information and facilities. (And dependency is exaggerated by the use of editorial material as bait for advertising revenue: the *Financial Times*' vindication of the DC-10 appeared on the same day as a special advertising supplement devoted to the aerospace industry.)

NOTES

Italy's fleeing voters

Tana de Zulueta writes from Rome: There were no real winners in the Italian elections of 3 June. There was, however, a big loser – not a political party, but the notion of the 'historic compromise'. This grand alliance between the Catholic and Communist masses was roundly rejected by the Italian electorate: the Communists, whose brainchild it was, suffered the greatest losses (down from 34.4 to 30.4 per cent); but even the Christian Democrats lost about half a million votes.

Many Italian voters, fleeing the two giants, took refuge in the little parties which stand between them. Hence the surprising growth of the tiny centre parties – Republicans, Liberals and Social Democrats – which had been declared as good as extinct. The Radicals, however, who tripled their vote to 2.3 per cent, confidently expected even more. One of the Radical candidates, *Illustrious Corpses* author Leonardo Sciascia, found the results 'perfectly rational' but added: 'The problem is to what extent the errors of the PCI will become disasters for all.'

There is no doubt that the results are a blow to the Italian Left, even though the united Left (if one includes the Radicals) still holds almost as many seats as the Christian Democrats and centre parties combined. The problem is that the Left is anything but united. Socialist leader Bettino Craxi has said that collaboration with the Communists is impossible so long as the balance of power is so heavily in favour of the Communists. Though they hoped for great gains in the elections, the Socialists have remained where they were, with just under 10 per cent. Craxi's slick new 'European' image convinced no-one, while his fierce anti-Marxist polemics must have disgusted the Socialists' old guard.

As for the Social Democrats, one can only conclude that the recent sentence against ex-Minister Mario Tanassi for his part in the Lockheed scandal made no impact at all. The present Minister for Industry, fellow Social Democrat Nino Nicolazzi, is the laughing stock of the press for his pathetic suggestions on energy conservation. But this may be what Italians prefer: a party which is not averse to distributing the odd favour but is basically harmless. Nicolazzi is unlikely to give much trouble to the thousands of tiny, often unregistered companies which are keeping Italy's balance of payments in the black. This is the 'hidden' Italy which economists have recently rediscovered: a large, silent sector which is definitely not interested in high politics.

Can Botha contain Muldergate?

Roger Omond writes: South Africa's Muldergate has claimed another scapegoat. But John Vorster, forced to resign this week from his largely ceremonial post of State President, cannot be blamed for all the misuse of State funds, the lies and the cover-ups. Comparisons with Watergate may be overdone, but the Department of Information Scandal shows that corruption and contempt for 'democratic procedures' in South Africa are far more widespread than the present Prime Minister P. W. Botha, would have his followers believe.

Botha built his political career out of the Defence

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NOTES

portfolio – a Ministry he still retains in addition to the premiership. He guarded his empire jealously, and to anybody familiar with his one-track and volatile personality it is almost inconceivable that he would tamely hand over millions of pounds for secret projects – money that should have gone to physically defend volk and vaderland – without knowing exactly how the cash was to be spent. The latest Erasmus Report may have exonerated Botha, but then an earlier report also cleared Vorster of any blame for Connie Mulder's wrongdoings. The big question is whether Botha can contain the scandal now.

He is doing his damndest. The Advocate-General Bill seems set to prohibit just about any publication of corruption in Government circles. Pressure is being put on editors and proprietors to play down whatever other Muldergate secrets they have. Botha could well call a general election, which the ruling National Party would win at a canter, as a kind of fake referendum on Muldergate, and after victory declare the whole sorry chapter closed with threats of immediate action against newspapers which try to buck the system.

The key to Muldergate almost certainly lies in the murder in November 1977 of Dr Robert Smit, an aspirant Nationalist MP and former South African representative to the IMF. Smit is believed to have had information on how South Africa is beating the UN arms embargo as well as on the free-spending habits of some Ministers and their senior officials. He was planning, it is said, to use Parliamentary immunity to blow the gaff. But he was murdered before the election. The most likely explanation for his death is that somebody asked: 'Will nobody rid me of this turbulent priest?' and his words were taken literally. If that is true, then Pretoria has a desperate need to contain Muldergate.

Fowler's traffic jam

Mick Hamer writes: Pro-road civil servants have posed a political problem for Transport Minister Norman Fowler by aiming to achieve all of the Department of Transport's £20m cut in spending at the expense of British Rail's public service obligation – the subsidy that keeps many passenger services on the rails.

In the short term British Rail, already faced with an unanticipated rise of at least £20m in the cost of diesel fuel, would find it impossible to save this sort of money by improving their productivity. They would thus have two choices – to close rural lines or to increase commuter fares. Line closures are politically unpopular, and Fowler gave a pledge before the election that there would not be another round of Beeching rail cuts. Any fare increase, however, would not be across the board but would be loaded on to the passenger sector with the most inelastic demand – the London and South East commuters. Thus Fowler risks alienating voters in commuter-belt marginals such as Basildon, Gravesend or Stevenage, in a repetition of Tony Crosland's 1975 policy of 'soaking the commuter'.

A course of action less fraught with political pitfalls would be to cut the £20m from the trunk road programme, which is what the Department's pro-road lobby is seeking to avoid. Because of last year's underspending on the road programme Fowler could 'cut' £20m off it and still increase road spending in practice. No jobs would be at risk, and the only practical consequence would be that a monster road such as the Ipswich bypass, which had a 1976 price tag of £37m, would start a year late.

BBC is always right

Our correspondent writes: The BBC has reacted in a remarkable way to 'It Ain't Half Racist Mum', the *Open Door* 'access' programme about TV's coverage of race, which was screened in March (NS Notes 16 February). Although hampered by the refusal of all TV companies to supply news items, the programme showes up racial bias in the current affairs, light entertainment and documentary output of BBC and ITV, and was widely praised.

Among those who did not praise the programme, however, was Robin Day, who featured in an edited sequence from 'The Question of Immigration (1978)'. The clips suggested that Day repeatedly swung the debate towards the views and comments of Enoch Powell, one of the speakers. Day initially considered legal action, but it now seems that BBC Director-General Ian Trethowan plans to broadcast an apology to Day, and possibly to other journalists who were criticised (such as Ludovic Kennedy). The statement, which the BBC intends to transmit immediately before a forthcoming *Open Door* programme, is also likely to rap the knuckles of the *Open Door* Unit for using material of Day and others. The disturbing implication is that journalists in public service broadcasting are above criticism.

Rich people's welfare

Frank Field writes: Tory hawks are conspicuously silent on one crucial part of the public expenditure debate – the tax allowance welfare state, which continues to grow with extraordinary rapidity. A report just published in Canada (*The Hidden Welfare System Revisited*, National Council of Welfare) highlights the injustices of this form of welfare spending.

It has been estimated by the centre for Fiscal Studies at Bath that this second welfare state is so generous in exempting personal income from taxation that only 45 per cent of total gross income is

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now taxed. After much campaigning from pressure groups, the Labour government conceded the existence of the tax allowance welfare state and published details of its scope in the last public expenditure White Paper.

There are two forms of tax allowances. There are what are called the structural or personal reliefs: the White Paper estimated that the married man's allowance costs £6,600 million in lost revenue, the single person's allowance exempts £3,200 million from taxation and the wife's earned income allowance exempts a further £1,800 million. There is also a second form of relief which goes under the title of non-structural allowances. Under this heading come mortgage tax relief, which now costs £1,100 million in lost revenue, and the tax concessions on pension schemes, which now total a loss of revenue of £450 million.

The Canadian report on the tax allowance welfare state shows how the rich benefit disproportionately from this form of welfare. There are three reasons for this: the rich have more income in the first place; they are liable to have surplus income which can be spent in ways which allow them to claim the non-structural tax allowances; and the allowances are valued at the taxpayer's marginal rate. The higher the marginal rate the greater the value of the tax allowances.

How beneficial the tax allowance welfare state is to the rich can be seen from the work of the Royal Commission on the Distribution of Income and Wealth. The Commission showed that the non-structural tax allowances were worth on average £12 in 1975 to the poorest 10 per cent of the population. However, their value to the richest one per cent was £648 apiece.

Next week's budget will therefore provide a key test for the Labour opposition. When in office Labour was unwilling to act against the tax allowance welfare state; but will it stand idly by as the Thatcher government increases a form of public expenditure beneficial to the rich?

Irish post strike wins new support

Brian Trench writes from Dublin: A militant tone was ensured for this week's annual conference of the Irish Post Office Workers' Union (POWU) when Padraig Faulkner, Minister for Posts and Telegraphs, told TV viewers two weeks ago that current rates of pay for the 13,000 striking Irish postal workers are better than those in Britain and Northern Ireland. The days are long gone when Irish workers expected to be paid less than their British counterparts, and the ministerial broadcast, the first public statement of the government position for six weeks, provoked the calling of the first mass meeting of Dublin POWU members since the strike began on 18 February; it also caused Terry Quinlan, leader of the normally conservative POWU, to threaten 'trench warfare'.

The union's leaders had previously been throwing out lifelines, suggesting that members might return to work with an interim settlement worth a third of their original 37.5 per cent claim. But with nearly 50 members facing charges later this month of assault, threatening behaviour, abusive language and obstruction, few are in the mood for a quick settlement.

Politicians of the government party, Fianna Fail, have sought to exploit the differences between the Irish Congress of Trade Unions and the POWU, and, indeed, the divisions within the Union itself which were evident during the early days of the strike. But in the wake of clashes between police and postmen at Dublin's main Fastrack depot, where the strikers were attempting to stop diverted mail being sent as railway freight, POWU members have had a positive response to requests for solidarity from other trade unionists. Power workers, teachers and post office technicians have been contributing to the union's hardship fund. The Cork Council of Trade Unions is collecting over £1,000 per week for the strikers in that city. And several of the civil service associations whose members usually supervise the POWU members have also supported the hardship fund.

With remarkable lack of self-consciousness, the Dublin postal workers have called their pickets on the Fastrack depot 'intimidatory pickets' – and they have had the required effect. Many businesses had been getting round the strike by using private couriers, buses and trains, but Fastrack activity has now been reduced to an even lower level than in normal, non-strike times as a result of the mass pickets. Three weeks ago, the leaders of the country's biggest union, the Irish Transport and General Workers' Union, sent a directive to members in the state transport company, CIE, not to handle anything looking like diverted mail. For a time, following clashes between police and pickets in which one striker's injuries caused a priest to be called to administer the last rites, the railway workers struck too. The police body, the Garda Representative Association, was evidently a little embarrassed by the confrontations and promised the strikers that it would not allow members to distribute polling cards for this week's European and local elections.

Our colonial relics

Christopher Price writes: Talks resume next week in one more attempt to find a political solution to the dispute in Cyprus. They will deal mainly with territory, the constitution, the refugees. But a new element has recently been put on the wider agenda by both Rauf Denktash (left), leader of the Turkish community, and AKEL and EDEK, the two left-wing coalition partners of President Kyprianou's ruling Democratic Party; it concerns the future of the British military bases.

When Cyprus went independent in 1960, Britain held on to two large tracts of land, one in the south east, the other in the south west of the island, not rented from the new republic on a renewable contract, but held in perpetuity as pieces of British sovereign territory. It was a unique compromise designed to re-establish our 'rightful' position in the Eastern Mediterranean. Ever since, any inclination by an impoverished Britain to get out has been resisted by NATO, who place a high value on the airfield of Akrotiri and the listening station at Agios Nicholaos – which featured in the ABC trial last year.

It was an unwritten assumption that the troops in Britain's Cyprus base would be an earnest of our pledge to guarantee the 1960 constitution. Though we never lifted a finger in 1974 to prevent either the Samson coup or the Turkish invasion, in the past four years to mention the bases in the context of a political settlement has been rather like shouting in church. Now, however, spirits on both sides are emboldened: Denktash has called for the British to go when the island is demilitarised – hoping to pick up one of the two bases in any final settlement; and the Greek Cypriot Left are arguing that there can never be a lasting solution in an island which doubles up as NATO's middle east aircraft carrier *cum* spy station.

Sir Geoffrey's books

Caroline Atkinson writes: Next Tuesday's budget will disappoint a lot of first-time Tory voters who thought that the promised income tax reductions could somehow be had for free; so when Sir Geoffrey Howe presents it he will doubtless blame the terrible state of 'the books' when he took office. The ground for this buck-passing exercise was well prepared by the newspapers which faithfully reported that Treasury Ministers were throwing up their hands in horror at the sight of these mythical books (not to be confused with the volumes on Sir Keith Joseph's famous reading list). Sir Geoffrey, so we were told, would have to be tougher than expected in raising indirect taxes and cutting spending, or meaner than expected in cutting income tax, because of the dreadful legacy found in Labour's dusty tomes.

It is interesting that although the Treasury's economic forecasts, and the papers prepared for the new Chancellor on the present state of the economy, were available to Ministers on their appointment over the weekend of 5-6 May, it was not until 18 May that the 'books' were said to be so disastrous. Since there is no such thing as a set of books for the economy, it was presumably the forecasts, and in particular the forecast for government borrowing (PSBR), that bothered the new Chancellor.

The government borrows enough to cover the gap between its revenue from taxes and its spending. Simple arithmetic shows that if the PSBR is to be cut, either total tax revenue must be increased or public spending reduced. Since the Tories are committed to cut income tax, if they wish to hold, or still more reduce the PSBR they must either raise other taxes or cut spending. Unwillingness to spell this out in the election campaign led the Tories to shelter behind their ignorance of the books. But whatever the books say, the arithmetic holds.

It was already well known before the election that the forecast for public borrowing in 1979-80 was considerably higher than the £8,500m to which the Labour government was committed; Mr Healey has since said that the forecast was nearer £10,500m. The latest estimate could be even higher because public sector pay rises have been higher than the 12.5 per cent probably assumed in the forecast. But this too cannot have surprised the incoming government, for they knew as well as everyone else what was happening to public sector pay.

The government can legitimately claim that some deflationary measures would also have been taken by a Labour government committed to an £8,500m PSBR. They cannot, however, pretend that the size of the spending cuts and indirect tax increases came as much of a surprise to them – nor that the additional measures required to pay for the promised income tax cuts are the fault of the Labour government.

Political bias exposed in official statistics

Duncan Campbell writes: A campaign to re-assess the political role of statistics is marked by the recent publication of *Demystifying Social Statistics**, written by members of the Radical Statistics Group, an offshoot of the Royal Statistical Society. The group – a significant proportion of whom work in the preparation of official government statistics – hope for a revision of the present style of teaching and using statistics.

A 'collective' of unnamed government statisticians has produced an account of how the official 'fact machine' works. It points out that many government statistical products contain significant gaps, since figures reflect what departments are doing, rather than what is actually happening in the world outside: unemployment estimates deal only with those attending the employment department offices, while homelessness figures consider only those in need who have been in touch with a local authority. The government seldom resorts to downright falsification, says the collective, but relies instead on more softly persuasive techniques of delay, misleading commentaries and 'massage'.

Figures which have been 'massaged' on instructions from the mandarins include the well-known case of unemployment statistics, artificially reduced by means of increasingly restrictive definitions. Other ways of caressing figures include extrapolation from deliberately unrepresentative figures, manipulation of adjustments under civil service control (eg in the Retail Price Index) and the juggling of categories in tables. Embarrassing, unwanted or secret figures disappear into 'miscellaneous' categories for the purpose of concealment.

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FREE SPEECH

One smug Englishman

THE UNITED STATES has always offered platforms for British pundits to say things which they would never dare try on their own public. One thinks of William Rees-Mogg being hailed in the Nixon White House as the only journalist in the world who really understood the difficulties of the President. Lately, Sir Nicholas Henderson seems to have landed the Washington job entirely by writing a memo which reads like Prince Philip on an off day.

The *New York Review of Books*, which has long relied on a group of overwhelmingly British intellectuals for its reviewing staff, has just published a symposium on the recent British elections. Contributors are drawn chiefly from the Centre and the Right, which being interpreted means the lucubrations of academics on the folly of trade unionism, and the holy distinction between socialists and social democrats. Alphabetical order puts Kingsley Amis first in to bat. As a loyal reader of the NEW STATESMAN he points out what we were the first to say – that Labour would lose because of working-class defections. But he goes on to sneer at us for revealing that Mrs Thatcher's past was not as meritocratic as all that, and for revealing this, if you please, '*after* the election'. That is no more than fourteen days out from the truth.

Would that the same could be said of his political perceptions. Apparently, the 'Labour MPs who lost their seats were mostly left-wing and the survivors mostly social-democrats committed to a mixed economy'. In fact, as must have been obvious when Amis was writing, a surprisingly large number of Tribunites hung on, and the heaviest swings were against Eric Moonman and Shirley Williams. He has, at least, the grace to note the Williams case: she 'had seemed to condone picket violence at the Grunwick industrial dispute. But she was also Minister of Education'. Of course.

Amis has no difficulty in knocking out a prospectus for the new government in its first year. It must, naturally, recognise Muzorewa and Smith. 'This will involve standing up to the US. For a small power to face down a large one is not impossible, as de Gaulle showed. But it takes firmness. I believe Mrs Thatcher can draw upon that when necessary'. Whatever became of the Kingsley Amis who called every criticism of American foreign policy tantamount to treason? The same growl occurs in his programme for Ulster, which must of course be regarded as being as British 'as Piccadilly Circus'. 'This sort of thing is hard to explain to Americans, always hopelessly at sea with matters outside their own shores'. Thank God, then, that we have all the generations of English expertise in Ireland to draw upon.

The American New Right assumes some credit for providing 'intellectual' stimulus to the pro-Thatcher camp in this country. What do they make of the feed-back?

Christopher Hitchens

HEALTH
Anna Coote

Do special hospitals provide the best care for mentally ill offenders?

Building another Broadmoor

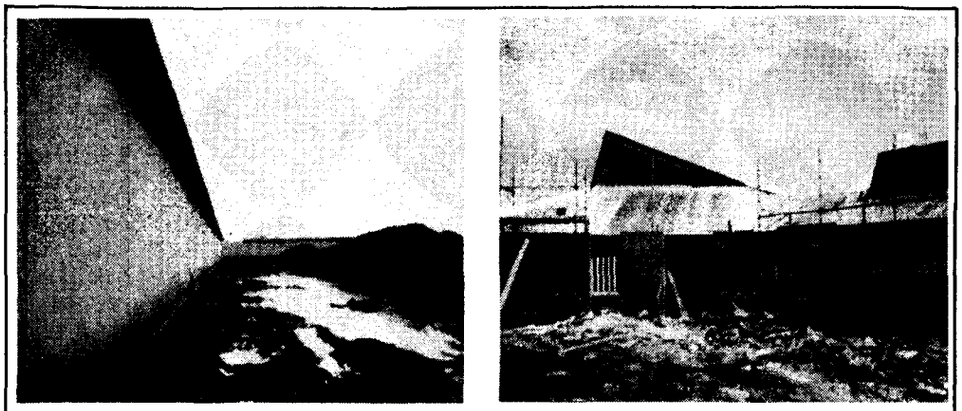
THE GRUESOME goings-on at Rampton hospital, revealed last month by Yorkshire Television, have raised the question of whether our 'special hospitals' can ever succeed in caring adequately for mentally ill offenders. The National Association for Mental Health (MIND) said after the programme that they were convinced the problem was not Rampton's alone: the disclosures echoed 'consistent findings of maltreatment' which had been reported to them over the past ten years.

It is well known that most inmates of Rampton, Broadmoor, Moss Side in Liverpool and Carstairs in Scotland have no need to be locked up in vast, high-security institutions of that kind. Many have long ceased to be a danger to the public or to themselves: they would be better off in smaller hospital units or hostels – if only such places existed.

A week after the Rampton film was shown, it emerged that health authorities had failed to make use of public funds which had been designated specifically for the building of regional secure units. These units had been intended as more manageable and humane alternatives to the special hospitals. In the past three years, it was discovered, hundreds of thousands of pounds had been passed to the regions for that purpose, but not one secure unit had yet been completed and many regions had not even begun to make plans. The mentally ill have never been a popular target of public concern or goodwill: no-one, it seems, wants to take responsibility for them – especially if they bear the stigma of having been inmates of places such as Rampton.

While the regional units remain unbuilt, one project looks set for completion – and that is the construction of *another* special hospital – to be run along similar lines to those which already exist.

It is to be a top-security institution, designed to relieve overcrowding of the male population at Broadmoor. Park Lane (as it is called) is situated next door, literally, to Moss Side hospital in the north-east of Liverpool. Part of it is already in operation, with 70 inmates. It is intended to provide a total of 400 places, in buildings covering 40-odd acres, by the time it is finished in the mid-1980's. By then, more than £18m of public funds will have been spent on it. The NEW STATESMAN visited the building site last week, to see how work was progressing. Two or three ward blocks were near completion: there were thirteen cells to a wing, each measuring about eight-foot square, each with a closely barred window. Around the perimeter of the site was a great, stark 16-foot wall. The whole double-hospital complex sat uncomfortably on the edge of a pleasant new housing estate in the suburb of Maghull.



Perimeter wall and cell block under construction at Park Lane.

It is not at all clear why Park Lane was ever thought necessary. True, Broadmoor is overcrowded. According to the Department of Health and Social Security, it now holds 776 inmates, while it should hold only 640. It is also true that several hundred mentally ill offenders are in prisons because they cannot get hospital places. However, only a small proportion of Broadmoor's inmates and of these on the imprisoned waiting list are offenders of the 'mad axeman' variety, who need to be put behind a 16-foot wall. Many are harmless individuals who just need psychiatric treatment, or help to readjust to living in the outside world. Broadmoor's population could be reduced dramatically if facilities were available to provide that kind of help. The same is true of inmates in the other special hospitals: in Rampton, according to MIND, there are some 200 patients who could leave tomorrow if only they had an alternative.

Many psychiatrists and social workers believe that special hospitals are unsuitable for almost all types of mentally ill offender. Large, isolated institutions, they are surrounded with prison-like secrecy which can allow abuse of the kind that has been discovered at Rampton to develop unchecked. Their very size demands that emphasis is placed on containing rather than rehabilitating their patients. Yet £18m is being spent on another one – and if pressure is not put on the regional authorities to provide alternative facilities, Park Lane's completion will simply mean that another 400 individuals are stranded in unsuitable surroundings because there is nowhere else for them to go.

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OIL CRISIS 1
Thomas Balogh

The price of oil is not at the root of our troubles

Wrong problems, wrong remedies

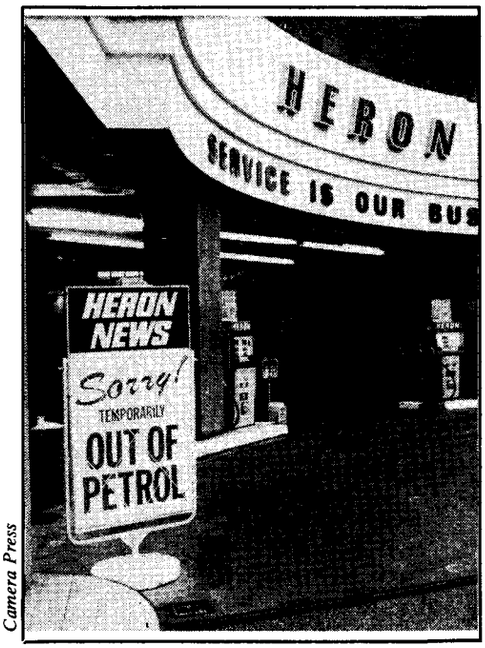
THE SUDDEN announcement by the oil companies two weeks ago of some cuts in deliveries and the simultaneous shock of price increases have led to panic. There is a danger, however, that attention will be focused on the wrong problems and therefore on wrong remedies. Inflation and unemployment are commonly attributed to the oil price revolution, or to 'deep-seated' (hence intractable) causes. In fact, it is not 'real' or technical changes which have led to this deplorable darkening of the economic ambience: it is mainly the persistence of governments in applying pre-war policies of fiscal retrenchment and monetary restriction.

By the time the 1973 oil crisis broke on the world, countries had developed very different rates of inflation. Massive concentration of economic power enabled large units (created by ploughing back profits, by mergers and by takeovers) to manipulate consumers and to shift the increased burden of the wage bill on to them. (A similar concentration took place in the labour market through the rise of trade unions.) The balance of payments of less competitive countries had worsened as a result of the differing inflation rates and they accumulated vast debts. At the same time, the economies of the industrialised nations had begun to stagnate, as political leaders were driven to regard inflation as an even greater danger to society than unemployment.

By 1974, the value of exports from oil producing countries roughly quintupled: from just below 24 billion dollars in 1971 to 124 billion. At first sight, this was a formidable amount. But compared with the national income of the OECD countries, it amounted to less than three per cent. Neither the price of oil nor its short supply could alone have posed a serious threat to the world economy. The real danger came from the impact of the new cash surpluses of the oil producing countries on the international money market.

The surplus of the OPEC countries has been concentrated mainly (and lately almost entirely) in the desert Arab area. Thus the immense amount of exported oil could not have been paid for by increased exports – even though Arab consumer spending would have surpassed Aladdin's wildest dreams. The governments of these states began to realise that imports (even of arms) would, beyond certain limits, be counterproductive, bringing social changes which in turn would be likely to subvert the existing pre-feudal order. The Iranian revolution confirmed this fear. Consequently no *global* policy measures taken by the outside world, short of a catastrophic run-down of activity, resulting in a cut in the oil imports of the world economy, would be effective.

THIS VAST ACCUMULATION of funds resulting from the imbalance of international payments led to an extremely dangerous liquidity problem. OPEC states deposited a large part of their cash balances with OECD banks. These banks found insufficient outlets in their own or other industrialised countries because of their relative stagnation and unused productive capacities. Their competitive urge induced them to accept deposits on which relatively high interest rates were to be paid. To meet their commitments they engaged in a feverish drive to find borrowers.



Camera Press

The brilliant staff report of the US Senate's sub-committee on Foreign Policy showed how heavily the largest US banks depended for profit on their foreign loans. It showed equally the precariousness of the geographic distribution of the loans made on that basis. The countries whose debts have increased are those in the Third World who do not export oil (to a considerable extent, their debts are short-term ones). As no really reliable statistics or tight controls exist, it is extremely difficult to know whether currencies and matured assets would match liabilities, or how far debtors would be able to honour their obligations. Characteristically, the Bank of England, imbued by monetarist notions, strongly objects to the proposals to monitor these markets with a view to countering their excesses.

What ought to have happened was a conscious distribution of the deficit among OECD countries and international guarantee, possibly through the IMF, of the accumulating balances in order to stop 'hot' money swirling around the world creating confidence crises and economic havoc: such an agreement would have depended on restoring the balance between the industrial countries.

Until very recently no effective steps were taken by either of the persistent industrial creditors – Germany and Japan – to ease the readjustment. Indeed the German Chancellor – in tones which did not conform to usual diplomatic intercourse – demanded that the American government should take action to eradicate its deficit by spurring exports and curbing imports, especially of oil, as had the British under IMF pressure in 1976. The fact that the general economic situation would necessarily further deteriorate if that policy were adopted did not seem noticeably to worry the German government.

Worse still, the declared aim of all major industrial countries is to turn deficits into surpluses. The USA, which in 1977 shouldered the Arab surplus and was the fastest growing country, is now sliding into a recession, but is expected to transform its negative balance of 16 billion dollars in 1978 into a surplus of 9 billion in 1980. In the same period Britain is expected to increase its tiny surplus of 1978 to 2.5 billion dollars. As the recent further jump in oil prices must be expected to increase the surplus of the desert countries, this move to surplus by the industrial countries can only be to the detriment of the poor developing countries which do not export oil. Can we rely on British and American banks to deal with the problem by relending Arab cash to these countries? Those who looked with optimism at the ebb of the Arab surpluses and felt that the private banking system could master it must wonder what the consequences of the renewed jump in the take of the oil producers will be. The cumulative indebtedness, especially of the developing countries, has risen to a level which is patently disproportionate to their capacity to pay: the total has now reached well over $210 billion. A large part of this is the counterpart of the liabilities of the international banking community to the oil producing countries; in effect this means that the *private* banking sector in OECD countries has guaranteed the immense short term debt of the developing countries to the oil exporting countries. A default by any of them might well have snowball effects.

THE NEED for closest co-operation is obvious. Some insufficient steps have been taken by establishing the International Energy Authority (France abstaining) and pledging a five per cent cut in consumption. The outlook for effective co-ordinated action, however, waned with the recent US decision to institute a five dollar subsidy per barrel of oil. This will certainly exaggerate the pressure for higher prices, especially in the 'free markets', and tempt oil producers to increase their sales there, rather than with steady customers. Eventually this must push up the prices quoted for bulk contracts.

It seems unlikely that the OPEC countries, especially the desert Arabs, will impose further cuts in oil supplies. They will try, instead, to keep the market steady because of their urgent need, for internal political reasons, to avoid a severe collision with the United States. Still, one ought to be prepared. The present policy reminds one of the 'phoney' war period when precious time for organising defence was wasted while grandiose declarations were made. The price mechanism is ill-adapted to carry through smoothly the drastic changes which need to be made if the industrialised world is to lessen its dependence on the Arab world.

The panic of the last bank holiday weekend demonstrated the irrepressible character of the demand for petrol, and the oil companies' freedom of manoeuvre. These companies have played a somewhat dubious game: any increase in price is bound to benefit them, as they have large stocks on land and at sea. For them, the abolition of the Price Commission could not have come at a more remunerative moment: the announcement of the cuts in supply reconciled people to a sudden price increase of more than 10 per cent.

Britain, fortunately, will be self-sufficient in

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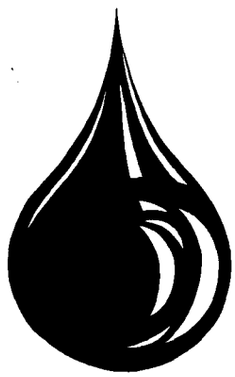

Priceless?

What's oil really worth? There's no absolute answer: only the fickle verdict of the market.

For most of last year, slack demand and plentiful supply kept oil relatively cheap. Then the Iran crisis suddenly cut back supply. Since then, all oil products have become sharply more expensive. And because petrol demand has been growing fastest, the motorist has borne the brunt.

So who profits?

Above all, the oil-producing countries. OPEC announced price rises in December last year; but the post-Iran scramble for supplies has pushed prices in individual countries beyond even OPEC's expectations.

Among industrial nations, Britain has the unique advantage of North Sea oil. When prices rise in the Middle East, North Sea oil becomes more valuable overnight. That helps the balance of payments — and also increases the Exchequer's tax revenues from North Sea production.

Petrol stations are doing better, too — in the nick of time. Most of them are small firms, which can't afford to run at a loss for long. During last year's price war almost 1,500 of them closed: the highest failure rate since 1971. That doesn't justify exorbitant prices today, but petrol stations do need to make a reasonable profit.

Mobil is also looking for profits this year. Like most oil companies in Britain, we actually lost money on product sales last year. And we can't go on like that, because we've been investing heavily in new plant. This year we'll be spending £70 million — several times more than we can possibly hope to earn.

It's a prudent investment, because it will enable us to make more petrol from every barrel of crude oil. The payoff for the motorist is that there'll be more petrol to go around; the payoff for us is that we'll have more to sell.

At what price?

Frankly, we don't know. The trend is pretty obvious; but how much oil is *worth* depends largely on how much of it consumers want to *buy*.

In that sense, it's a priceless commodity.

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energy next year. This precious advantage can be undermined by the EEC outbidding British industry for oil on the basis of the Rome Treaty. It is to be hoped that the British National Oil Corporation's right to purchase some half of our output will be preserved. It is to be hoped, too, that the increase in direct taxation on oil companies, announced by the Labour government, will be implemented by the new Chancellor and, indeed, raised further, not only because of the recent windfall but also because of the urgent need to reduce the transfer of foreign currencies which would worsen the balance of payments.

Mrs Thatcher is plainly intent on sowing the seeds of a profit inflation. She should beware that she does not reap the harvest of a general cost inflation. Preparation for a real shortage should be taken now, and an *equitable* rationing scheme should be elaborated. The demand for petrol and heating oil is unresponsive to price movements unless they are so extreme as to inflict serious hardships on special groups. Unfortunately it is hardly possible to expect so soon after the election a total reversal of the dedication to the price mechanism outlined in the manifesto and in recent speeches by Mrs Thatcher and Sir Keith Joseph. Yet that policy is based on a view of the world characterised by their guru-in-chief, Professor Friedman, who presented this analysis of the oil problem in 1974:

> The world crisis is now past its peak. The initial quadrupling of the price of crude oil after the Arabs cut output was a temporary response that has been working its own cure. Higher prices induced consumers to economise and other producers to step up output. It takes time to adjust, so these reactions will snowball. In order to keep prices up, the Arabs would have to curtail their output to zero, they would not for long keep the world price of crude ***at $10 a barrel.*** Well before that point the *cartel would collapse* (my italics).

Five years have passed and some OPEC countries are squeezing $20 out of every barrel, even from their regular clients and more than $30 a barrel on the stock market. Some prediction, some knowledge, that.

OIL CRISIS 2
Robert Ball

Oil down US plugholes

Where the gas goes

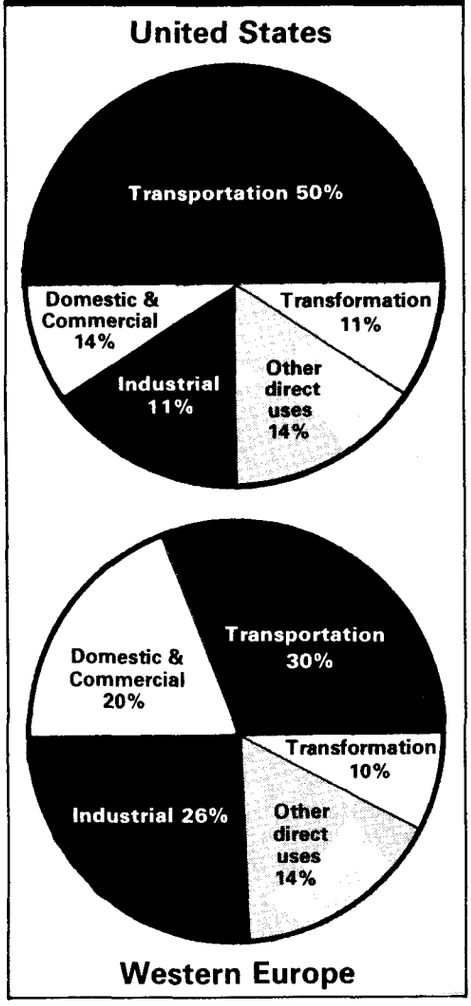
THE IMMEDIATE CAUSE of the present oil crisis is the interruption of supplies and subsequent cutbacks of Iranian oil which has led to demand for oil outstripping supply for the first time since the embargo of 1973. Far from being a unique occurrence caused by events in Iran, however, the present crisis is only a harbinger of the future. Oil shortages and escalating prices are likely to be endemic in the last years of the twentieth century.

The blame for the present oil crisis rests firmly with the American government and consumer; pinning the blame on the oil companies or the petroleum exporting countries is something of a smokescreen. Table 1 shows the growth of US oil production and consumption and Western European oil consumption since 1967. While US production has either been static or slightly declining consumption has increased dramatically. This additional consumption has of course, to be imported. Although American oil consumption fell after the oil crisis of 1973–1974, it soon recovered and is now running well ahead of 1973 levels. Western Europe, however, has restricted its oil consumption to below that of 1973.

Significantly, some European countries have managed to enjoy similar or better living standards and real income to the US with much lower levels of oil consumption. The 1977 gross domestic product per capita and oil consumption per capita for the US and the three richest European countries are shown in Table 2.

The richest European countries have managed to sustain a standard of living commensurate with the US on little over half the American per capita oil consumption. These differences cannot be satisfactorily explained in terms of different countries using different mixes of primary fuels since, in each case, oil constitutes approximately 50 per cent of primary fuel. Neither can differences in industrial structure adequately explain these variations. It is, however, very instructive to consider oil consumption by end use for Western Europe and the U.S. (See diagram for 1977.)

Where the oil went 1977



1 Growth of gas-guzzlers

	Production — US *	Consumption — US *	Consumption — Europe *
1967	8.810	12.275	9.260
1970	9.635	14.350	12.640
1973	9.210	16.870	15.155
1974	8.795	16.150	14.180
1975	8.375	15.875	13.505
1976	8.120	16.980	14.465
1977	8.215	17.945	14.235

* *Millions of barrels per day*

2 Could the US cut back?

	GDP per capita (US dollars)	Oil consumption per capita (Barrels per day)
USA	8665	.0828
W. Germany	8407	.0465
Sweden	9481	.0684
Switzerland	9576	.0427

The most striking feature is the difference in the transportation sector which accounts for 50 per cent of the US oil consumption but barely 30 per cent of W. European consumption. Since American per capita total oil consumption is up to twice that of the European, American oil consumption for transportion may be three to four times higher.

To explain this we need look no further than the prolific use of the gas-guzzling American car which, in some cases, is incapable of even ten miles to the gallon. This situation has been exacerbated by much less energy-intensive surface public transport and near-empty planes crossing the skies of the continent in the name of free competition.

Suppose the US were able, 'at a stroke', to reduce its oil consumption to the level of West Germany. This would result in a saving of around 8 m. barrels per day and enable the US to become nearly self-sufficient in oil production again. The effect on the world oil market would be immense since this saving would be equivalent to the entire oil production of Saudi Arabia. Since the oil market is a cartel, whether prices would fall would depend on whether the oil-producing nations could agree among themselves to share the necessary production cuts. The world would, at least, be sure of stable prices and secure supplies in the short- to medium-term.

Present US oil consumption of about six billion barrels per year is 30 per cent of total world production. This figure can be put into perspective when we realise that total North Sea reserves are probably only around 20 b. barrels and that proved reserves of the entire N. American continent are only around 44 b. Present US consumption would thus exhaust the reserves of the entire N. American continent in only six to seven years and corresponds to consuming the whole output of the North Sea every three years!

In the European context it is ironic that the EEC which has always placed so much emphasis on self sufficiency in agriculture has deliberately followed policies which have vastly increased European dependence on external energy sources. Envious eyes are already being cast at Britain's oil supplies – but it is vital that these precious assets remain under British control. Last week the EEC Energy Commissioner hinted that the long overdue reforms in the Common Agricultural Policy could be linked with handing some control of our oil supplies to the Eurocrats: a Faustian bargain the Government must reject.

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COMMUNICATIONS
Duncan Campbell

One union's gain may be another's loss

The siren song of System X

PROBABLY THE MOST advanced planning agreement concerning the effect of new technology on employment was virtually signed and delivered at the start of this week. In return for a Post Office commitment to secure both individual employment and the total number of jobs in the Post Office, the Post Office Engineering Union (POEU) has promised a complete commitment to modernisation plans. The introduction of advanced electronic systems – in particular, the 'System X' design of telephone exchange – will mean drastic reductions in maintenance manpower. But an overall growth of the Post Office communications business, plus new technological developments enables the Post Office to promise their current employees that they will never face the sack.

The POEU's annual conference this week spent a day debating a special report on modernisation and the issues it raised before voting to accept a provisional agreement with the Post Office. The communications industry is among the first sectors of the economy to feel major effects from the introduction of electronic, and now microelectronic, technology. The replacement of elderly electromechanical equipment meant a drastic reduction of labour requirements in both maintenance (Post Office) and manufacture (private industry).

Although the POEU agreement is the first to promise no reduction in employment through 'new technology', the circumstances are untypical of industry in general. Indeed, the agreement not unnaturally neglects the effects of modernisation on employment outside the Post Office, particularly in the communications giants Plessey, GEC, and STC (a subsidiary of ITT). Some 100,000 people are directly employed by the industry, with around 80,000 employed in related work. Already, partly as a result of disastrous Post Office planning, tens of thousands of manufacturing jobs have been lost. Implicit in the POEU agreement is full support for Post Office expansion in services like viewdata, electronic mail and related office and home equipment. Such an expansion, which may be necessary to enable the Post Office to fulfill its side of the bargain, will of course be in competition with private industry, reducing employment there. The POEU acknowledges that to some extent the modernisation and expansion strategy may export job losses from within the Post Office to other work-places.

One of the most significant developments affecting all parts of the industry is the new line of electronic exchanges now being developed. Despite the increase in official noise about System X, a great deal remains to be clarified about the timescale, economics, and technicalities of constructing the system. Its development is vital to modernise the communications network and avoid the demise of another sector of engineering expertise. The British record for innovation in communications technology is somewhat notorious: most of the current telephone network is based on a technology which was invented 90 years ago, and has scarcely changed for the last 30 years. A series of disasters and delays has left the British network, and industry, well behind other major industrialised countries – and the hazy nature of a 'System X' which will one day transform the network has done little to convince customers at home or abroad that the corner is being turned.

On the domestic scene at least, the dream has solidified a little. The Post Office ordering programme for the first 15 exchanges has been published, and the companies have committed themselves to demonstrating a prototype exchange at an important Geneva communications show this autumn. Moreover, the Post Office is now planning to purge obsolete technology from the network by 1992, which will mean retiring many smaller exchanges very early.

There is now some confidence that modern exchanges will be available for the British network. Abroad, however, System X will arrive well behind major competitors, and the present aggressive marketing campaign is no substitute for proven performance. At a recent launch by the new joint company which will market System X, British Telecommunications Systems Ltd, an industry spokesman was unwary enough to suggest that the development merited the same blind faith as 'the Comet and Concorde'.

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The President loses his grip

CLAUDIA WRIGHT examines Carter's political failure and falling prestige

ONE OF THE EARLIEST advances in media technology was an invention which the circus managers of imperial Rome developed shortly before they began feeding Christians to the lions. This was a low, two-wheeled chariot with a post in the middle of the platform, and a long beam permitting handlers to trundle it toward the hungry beasts without risk to themselves. The media value of the chariot was that the circus victims could be lashed to the post, and thereon torn to pieces by animals without toppling over into the sand. That, of course, would have covered up the full frontal horror which the Roman crowd had paid good money to see.

If Jimmy Carter had not already learned how fiendish the refinements of the media could be when turned against him, he has certainly done so this past month. For in May the President discovered that he has himself become a full frontal horror, and that only a few fellow Christians appear not to be enjoying the spectacle.

The month started with an unusual and well-publicised defection, when Carter's former chief speechwriter attacked his character and performance in office in *Atlantic Monthly*, which has consequently broken all sales records of its 122-year-old history. The month concluded ignominiously with the process server from the Justice Department arriving at the White House door with a subpoena for Carter's personal business records. The subpoena came from the special prosecutor appointed by the Attorney-General to investigate allegations that money, lent by the National Bank of Georgia to Carter's peanut warehouse and shelling business, was illegally diverted to his election campaign during several politically decisive but penurious months in 1976.

In the days between, the former chairman of the National Bank of Georgia, the man responsible for the 1976 loan, and Carter's first budget director, Bert Lance, was indicted for an encyclopaedic array of violations of the federal banking laws. That Lance should be in trouble might not have affected the President as seriously as it does – most white-collar crime is regarded by Americans, like tax evasion, as something everyone tries to get away with – had Carter, his wife and spokesman refrained from publicly embracing Lance's innocence and goodness (Rosalynn Carter's word).

In the circus atmosphere of Washington, such gestures have provoked ripples of *schadenfreude,* and fresh speculation that the loyalty binding Lance to the President is conspiratorial and, in the local jargon, an obstruction of justice. To palates that have acquired a taste for the slow strangulation of untrustworthy public officials, what can be more delicious than the suspense of watching to see whether the affable Lance will have the endurance to withstand months of trial and perhaps even a short spell in federal prison, covering up for his friend the President?

That Carter may not have been personally involved in – let alone materially benefited by – Lance's slipshod banking, his brother's petty aggrandisements, or his campaign staff's technical violations, is a possibility which so far not one member of the national press has been prepared to consider. It also appears to matter little that, of Carter's political adversaries for the 1980 presidential race, Democrats or Republicans, only George Bush has to date been accused of fewer or more minor public venalities than those laid at Carter's door, and the former CIA director has yet to come under serious press scrutiny.

Presidential tension: Carter with Callaghan, Healey and Owen at Downing Street.

Camera Press

It is a surpassing irony that there are even those who blame Carter for letting an untold number of congressmen get away with receiving bribes, gifts and other favours from a Korean rice merchant by failing to order the appointment of a special prosecutor in their case. Facing a prosecutor of his own making, while the self-same congressmen reject one piece of the President's legislation after another, Carter may have cause to reflect how much better off he might now be had he let a prosecution in the Tongsun Park case take its toll of such doubtful allies as Capitol Hill has provided. Might the President have been able to do without the Speaker of the House of Representatives, Tip O'Neill, for example, whose receipt of a set of golf clubs from Park may not have been the least of his weaknesses, but whose public ambivalence about the President's chances against Senator Kennedy now adds heavily to Carter's problems in winning the Democratic nomination?

To understand the seriousness of Carter's political crisis, it is essential to understand why, for good or ill, any president's character invites relentless attack.

IN POLITICAL SYSTEMS without parties – in the United States, Republican and Democrat are little more than the titles of relatively small bank accounts used for fighting the last weeks of election campaigns – there is a natural limit to what democratic competition can be about. At one extreme, therefore, presidential elections are a competition over phantom policy and promises which are bound to be illusory because the winner cannot in the nature of the game have the power of a disciplined party in Congress to implement them. At another extreme, the adversaries avoid policy issues altogether. Instead they contest each other's character – those personal signs of the capacity to do something which mask the intention to do nothing.

While Jimmy Carter may have made a success of the 1976 campaign by combining both tactics, he can hardly afford new promises as the incumbent for the 1980 campaign now in half-swing: he is under constant criticism for failing to make good on the old ones. Instead, he has only his character to offer. For reasons which have become sharply clear, that may be more of a popular liability then either the President or his advisers have understood to date.

James Fallows, who resigned last November after nearly two years as the president's chief speechwriter, has published two long essays *Atlantic Monthly* attacking Carter for nothing more and nothing less than a fundamental inadequacy of character to do his job:

> Carter's wilful ignorance, his blissful *tabula rasa,* could – to me – be explained only by a combination of arrogance, complacency, and – dread thought – insecurity at the core of his mind and soul.

Never before has a creature of the inner circle at the White House broken so radically (and so soon) with a President on this ground. To be sure, there have been policy disputes before – Gerald Ford's press secretary, resigned in protest against the Nixon pardon, but he held little else against the character of his old friend. Emmett Hughes, Eisenhower's speechwriter, waited until after his employer had retired from office before publishing a mild criticism of the man. Most other recent speechwriters have also waited and then contented themselves with peddling faint praise, gossip, or occasionally pious self-justification, as in the case of the Nixon speechwriter, William Safire, and Kennedy's men, Sorensen and Schlesinger.

Carter has always had a revealing problem with his speeches and speechwriters. He can be an obsessive schoolmaster, correcting spelling mistakes and syntax in others' memoranda. But, according to Fallows, he cannot bear to be corrected himself. Such tattle about the President's talk would not be worth much, were it not indicative of a deeper weakness. Former Senator and presidential candidate, Eugene McCarthy, has specifically pointed to Carter's language as revealing a less sophisticated man than is commonly reputed. His language, McCarthy has said, 'shows the incapacity of a man whose vocabulary has come to him through the *Readers Digest* word of the month and even then he has failed to

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memorise the correct meanings'. Other observers have chosen more rustic epithets. To one, he crowds 'his words together in indistinguishable masses, like hogs in a slaughter chute'. To another, preparing a speech for him seems just 'like growing hydroponic tomatoes, neither the product nor the rewards fulfil their promise'.

THIS FAILURE of promise is precisely the damaging point. Carter may well have lost control of the domestic economy, which the May indicators showed to have slipped perilously close to zero growth as the inflation rate spilled over the 10 per cent level for the second month in a row. But if the President can admit the bad news, he can only sidestep electoral responsibility for it by holding himself apart. The damage in this month's attacks is that fault is now firmly pinned on the man.

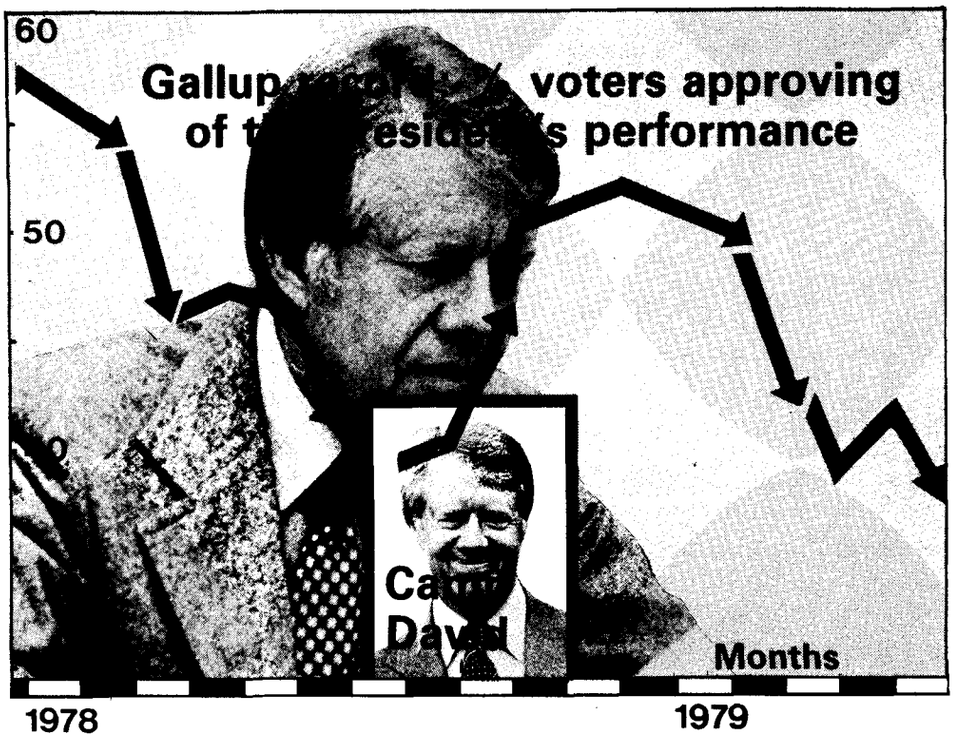
The combination of accelerating unemployment and inflation now in evidence here is almost always fatal to political incumbents. But never before has there been a president who has so doggedly impaled himself upon the horns of his economic dilemma. In the past, Republican presidents with an aversion to public spending were able to loosen the money supply in time for a recuperative stimulus around election day. Democratic presidents, on the other hand, have been able to acquiesce in the Federal Reserve Board's restrictive credit policies as a token of their economic respectability, while they proposed substantial budget deficits to satisfy their traditional labour, urban and ethnic constituencies. Carter, however, is the first president ever to espouse both tighter money supply and a balanced budget at one and the same time.

Moreover, on almost every economic issue which the President has touched, he has offered little reason for the electorate to be confident that by trusting him to lead the country into a period of sacrifice, it will be able to count on him to lead it out again. His energy proposals, for instance, have been based on the promise that if American energy producers are assured a higher price and profit, they will eventually put more supplies on the market. After weeks of artificially induced shortages, there is not one motorist in the country who believes that now. The President's clumsy enforcement of wage guidelines has likewise only aggravated the few unions on whom he would normally depend for re-election in several northern states, while the guidelines themselves have proved to be singularly inappropriate measures for restraining the food, fuel and housing costs which, in the short term, at least, are most to blame for inflation.

The only support Carter can muster in Congress for his approach comes from a minority of southerners, who have stood with a handful of western and central state Republicans in a series of defeats of the President's gasoline rationing plan and his budget cuts. They are not likely to stick with him on his major foreign policy proposals. The danger Carter must now foresee is that by the middle of next year, even his spare foreign policy successes will have unravelled– for instance, if the Israeli-Egyptian pact is overshadowed by the toll which Arab hostility will take out in oil price increases, by Egyptian penury, and by Palestinian terrorism. Again, ratification of the Salt II agreement, if it passes the Senate at all, is likely to exact such huge rearmament commitments from the President as not to be worth the price he, or the taxpayer, will pay for it.

Camera Press

Bert Lance: close friend and gross liability.



CARTER'S APPROVAL rating is now at the lowest level of his term, with the figures showing increasing disapproval among Democrats (particularly sharp among the traditional white working-class and black constituencies): approval on the other hand among Republicans is fairly stable at 28 per cent. The gap between Democratic and Republican support for the President is now narrower in Carter's case than it was for Ford, Nixon, and Johnson.

In the Congress however, support for the President's legislation has risen steadily since 1977. It is normal for congressional support for an incumbent president to fall off in the third year of his term, as the election campaign intensifies, and this May's defeats for Carter probably mark the beginning of the traditional downturn. It could plummet, for at no time during his first two years has Carter's support from the Democratic controlled Congress approached the peaks achieved by the last Democratic presidents, Kennedy and Johnson.

Nevertheless, on present indications, Carter would defeat any Republican if he were the Democratic nominee at the next election. So too would Kennedy, although Brown would not. Kennedy is not willing to split the party by running against Carter in the primaries, unless Brown threatens to defeat Carter at the Convention, or the President withdraws from the race because of scandal, pressure or despair.

The stress and anxiety of the presidency is a well diagnosed phenomenon, and the next eighteen months of the presidential campaign are likely to be far worse for Carter than he has experienced before. The man who has spent most of his career feeling superior to those around him and putting distance between himself and those who, he is afraid, might be his intellectual betters, may not be able to cope. He may not go as mad as Wilson, nor as paranoid and deluded as Johnson or Nixon. But if his political grip on events at home and abroad weakens much further, his well-known vacillations may become increasingly erratic, and the insecurity which Fallows has pinpointed could end up taking an unusual course.

Under stress it is already clear that Carter suffers from intensifying physical pain – from chronic hemorrhoids to headaches. In public, his speaking voice trails away to inaudibility, and as was seen during the first television debate of 1976 and then again in a heated press session over the fate of Bert Lance in 1977, his language can fall into incoherence – though Carter himself doesn't notice, and none close to him has the nerve to tell him. This, after all, is a man who told a Baptist convention last summer that he looks on 'government in a personal way. I have never detected or experienced any conflict between God's will and my political duty.'

Unless a financial scandal or coverup disclosed by the special prosecutor strikes Carter down, there is little likelihood of a Kennedy challenge. It is possible that, even without a 'peanutgate', the pressure, indignity, fear of slowly losing control through the primaries and failing health might influence Carter, and particularly his wife, to decide against seeking renomination. If not, the one reassurance is that, compared to the likes of Connally, Regan, Bush, Baker or Brown, Carter would still retain enough confidence of winning to stay in the race. As Fallows says, *he* is still prepared to vote for him again. 'If I had to choose one politician to sit at the pearly gates and pass judgment on my soul, Jimmy Carter would be the one.' But consider, if God faced judgement day stumbling for words, unable to sit still, and blinded by migraine, would even He know the difference between Salt II and Armageddon.

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ECONOMICS

Not everyone on the Left is convinced the Cambridge economists are right

Devaluing import controls

THE DEBATE ON economic strategy started by the Cambridge Economic Policy Group is of crucial importance to the Labour Movement. The last Labour government, like most of its predecessors, fell because it chose to put the interests of the money economy before those of the real economy: its fiscal and monetary policies were congenial to the City and financial institutions, but were extremely damaging to the manufacturing industry and to the living standards of those who work in it.

Professor Wilfred Beckerman – writing in these columns on 6 April – argued that import restrictions should have been adopted as the only effective alternative to monetarist orthodoxy. We agree that import restrictions would certainly be preferable to the policies pursued by the last government but we part company with Professor Beckerman when he argues that import controls would be more effective than the other major option of devaluation. Professor Beckerman argues that devaluation is no solution because it worsens the balance of payments in the short run; because international trade is not very responsive to changes in price; and because workers would demand higher wages to compensate them for the resultant increase in the cost of living. This, he argues, would soon wipe out the advantage gained.

The argument that devaluation does not work has immense popular appeal: this is because the public does not realise that the pound has fallen less than was required to compensate for our higher rate of inflation. Professor Beckerman is of course aware of the difference between nominal and real exchange rates but, like so many of his colleagues, he too is led to understate the effectiveness of devaluation. A relative fall in our manufacturing costs, induced by devaluation, has been accompanied by a steady decline in our share of home and export markets – and from this Beckerman concludes that 'non-price' factors such as quality, delivery dates and reliabilty are more important than price itself in determining competitiveness.

BUT THIS conclusion is misleading. It is based on the IMF index of relative normal unit labour costs which measures costs throughout industry as a whole and therefore gives a deceptively optimistic impression of our competitiveness in the internationally-traded goods sector. The costs curve in this sector of the economy is very different from that of the economy as a whole; this is because successful and expanding export industries will enjoy economies of scale which will hold down costs in that sector by comparison with the rest of the economy. A country with an under-valued currency can thus improve its competitiveness as its share of home and export markets increases, even while exchange rate movements put up costs in the economy as a whole. The opposite is true of a country whose share is decreasing because its currency is overvalued.

This is not mere speculation. British and American export costs and prices rose significantly faster than their wholesale costs and prices between 1952 and 1976. The reverse is true of countries like Germany, Japan and Italy whose share of world trade was increasing at the time. Our export prices rose faster than those of our competitors in all but seven of the 24 years for which figures are available, and our share of world trade (perhaps the most telling indicator of competitiveness) fell in all but three of those years. In the five years of the last Labour Government, our export prices rose by well over 20 per cent more than those of our rivals. As a consequence of this and a corresponding reduction in import prices, a million British workers lost their jobs. It really is as simple as that.

Wilfred Beckerman

The argument about 'non-price' factors is also a red herring. The *cost* of the 'non-price' factors (improvements in quality, delivery dates, design, etc) has to be recovered in the price, and problems arise in these fields because so many British exporters have to cut costs to the bone to stay in business. Price competition in international trade is in fact increasing over a wide area, since non-price factors are in many cases specified by the buyer and price is the only competitive factor.

What of the effect of devaluatiom on prices? Devaluation would certainly make those imported manufactured goods which account for 63 per cent of our import bill less attractive in price terms. We agree, however, with the CEPG view that, because of the rigid pricing behaviour of UK producers, reduced competition from higher priced imports would not lead to a significant increase in the price mark-up on home manufactures. Devaluation would therefore give everyone an immediate and very strong incentive to substitute home-produced goods for imports.

As to the 15 per cent of our import bill accounted for by foodstuffs, the cost of food is largely determined by the CAP and to that extent would not be affected by devaluation. The price of oil (12 per cent of our imports) would rise by the full amount of the devaluation but the bulk of the proceeds would flow back to the exchequer and could be used by the Chancellor to hold down the cost of living. This leaves only the problem of imported materials which account now for only 9 per cent of our import bill.

It is argued that devaluation would lead to a fall in real wages, but that is precisely what happened as a result of the last government's monetarist policies – and then there was no offsetting stimulus to production, investment and employment such as devaluation would produce. In any case, there was no fall in real wages after the 1967 devaluation, even though the economy was very stretched at the time. Nor have other countries which have devalued in recent years suffered in that way. Devaluation would in fact be the best guarantee of rising real wages because, by encouraging economies of scale and stimulating exports as well as import-saving, it would soon maximise output and employment.

THE OTHER objections are contradictory. Why worry about the initial impact of devaluation on the balance of payments if we are deliberately seeking to bring about a fall in the exchange rate which North Sea oil would otherwise hold up too high? Why be alarmed at the prospect of speculation against the pound, brought about by an increase in domestic demand, when this is precisely what we hope to achieve? After all, the mistake which launched the last government on its self-destructive path was the decision to use up our foreign exchange reserves to halt the decline in the pound in April 1976, despite the fact that the real exchange rate was higher then than it had been in 1973 and 1974.

We see no reason to disagree with the CEPG calculation that import restrictions would be more effective than the devaluation strategy which they describe. The problem is that the devaluation strategy which they favour is no more than a gradual adjustment over a period of many years. Our prices are now about 30 per cent above the level required to enable us to secure sustained growth: a bolder devaluation strategy would secure rather different results and would show a more favourable outcome than the import controls which they favour.

Professor Beckerman is of course right when he says that the crucial difference between devaluation and import controls is that, other things being equal, the former makes the terms of trade worse and the latter makes them better. Monetarists argue that we should push up the exchange rate on precisely the same grounds, i.e. that it will improve the terms of trade. The lessons of our experience show, however, that it is precisely when the terms of trade are 'favourable' that we are doing the most damage to our manufacturing industry. As Ricardo said in 1820 'we shall sell our goods at a high money price, and buy foreign goods at a low money price – but it may well be doubted whether this advantage will not be purchased at many times its value, for to obtain it we must be content with a diminished production of home commodities; with a high price of labour and a low rate of profits.' Higher profits leading to higher wages in export and import-saving industries are the key to economic growth and this can best be achieved not by import controls but by devaluation.

Bryan Gould,
John Mills,
Shaun Stewart

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ECONOMIC MONITOR

Edited by David Blackaby

Inflation in the home

CONCERN has been expressed in recent years that particular groups in society have suffered more than others as a result of inflation. This fear is confirmed by R. T. Michael, who has made use of American data on consumer prices to conduct an empirical investigation of the distribution of inflation rates across households. He finds considerable dispersion in the rate of inflation: for example, for the first half of 1974, when prices rose by an average of six per cent, one in five households experienced a rate of inflation at *either* less than 4.6 per cent *or* more than 7.4 per cent. He then divided the households he was studying into groups, according to various economic or demographic characteristics, and found that, over several different periods of time, there were significant relationships between the rate of inflation and these characteristics. However, even when households had been split into groups, there was still considerable dispersion of inflation between them.

On the key question of whether certain households persistently experience inflation at higher or lower rates than average Michael finds that this happens over short periods, but not – as is often supposed – over longer stretches of time.

('Variation across Households in the Rate of Inflation'; R. T. Michael; Journal of Money, Credit and Banking, February 1979.)

Industries in conflict

WHENEVER ALTERNATIVE policies are formed to solve economic problems, they involve a conflict between industries. A new study by J. R. Kunth places the political impact of different industries in an historical context, using as examples the leading sector industries of textiles, steel and automobiles. Their evolution is analysed within the framework of Vernon's concept of the product cycle, in which industries go through separate phases of growth, maturation of home market, growth of exports, overseas investment and decline of domestic output.

The product cycles of these industries have, in their respective eras, had an impact on such political developments as the rise of the liberal state, the 'new imperialism' of the 1880s, the Anglo-German naval race preceding World War I, the arrival of Hitler and the political stability of Western democracies after World War II. To take one resonant example, the domestic stagnation of Europe's steel industries led to a drive for markets which was one of the causes of the new imperialism including the scramble for Africa.

Kunth concludes: 'The political outcomes of the next decades may be shaped by conflicts between protectionist industries (textiles, steel, recently chemicals) and free trade ones (aerospace, computer, telecommunications) with a swing position being held by the automobile industry'.

('The Political Consequences of the Product Cycle: Industrial History and Political Outcomes'; J. R. Kunth; International Organisation, Winter 1978.)

Hungary's experiment

TEN YEARS AGO, Hungary began experimenting with a 'decentralised model with a regulated market'. What has been the effect on income distribution? The basic principle of the reform has been to establish a direct link between productivity increases and (limited) wage and salary increases. The underlying assumption has been that productivity growth and earning differentials are positively related. In an analysis by H. Flakierski, however, this assumption is questioned on two grounds. First, he says, a 'more just distribution of income can be conducive to increases in productivity if it improves social cohesion'; and second, productivity increases depend not only on the skill and effort of workers, but also on such factors as natural conditions and technology – so that where capital stocks belong to the state, productivity gains should accrue to the nation as a whole and not just to a particular workforce.

Though it is difficult to distinguish between government action towards incomes and the spontaneous workings of the market mechanicsm, Flakierski's results suggest that the Hungarian government's reforms have actually increased disparities in earnings. True, income distribution has remained virtually unchanged, but this has been due to other factors, such as cash benefits. His finding is all the more impressive in view of the fact that income disparities were at a low level before the reforms began. The Hungarians, he says, still need to tackle the problem of households where living standards are depressed because families are large.

('Economic Reform and Income Distribution in Hungary'; H. Flakierski; Cambridge Journal of Economics; March 1979.)

How to stabilise income

THE RECENT plethora of monetarist models which incorporate the notion of a natural rate of unemployment as well as rational expectations have left little room for the pursuit of an active monetary policy. But while rational expectations alter the basis for monetary policy, there are still differences between what the government and private sectors *can* do and what they are *willing* to do to stabilise income.

This is shown in a paper by Geoffrey Woglum, whose model confirms that, while any variation in income results from the difference between actual and predicted prices, private sector forecasts can succeed in offsetting systematic disturbances. In this regime the government's role is confined to adopting a policy (money supply or interest rates) which minimise the effects of random disturbances in either commodity or money markets.

However, Woglum also shows that monetary policy may be able to stabilise income more efficiently than the private sector's price forecast – for two reasons. First, the government has an advantage in offsetting current disturbances via its activities in financial markets. Second, if private and governmental observations of past structural disturbances are incorrect, but the latter's are superior, then there is an opportunity for non-passive monetary policy to take advantage of this information.

('Rational Expectations and Monetary Policy in a Simple Macroeconomic Model'; Geoffrey Woglum; Quarterly Journal of Economics, February 1979.)

NEXT WEEK **Kissinger and Cambodia**

The American press has been unanimous in its praise of *Sideshow*, William Shawcross's account of how Cambodia was marked for destruction by Nixon and Kissinger. Here is the first proven link between the genocidal war in Indochina and the Watergate scandal at home. *Sideshow* argues that 'Cambodia was not a mistake, it was a crime'. For the next three weeks, the NEW STATESMAN will be serialising this book, which is essential for understanding the forces that made today's Asian conflict, and the men who subverted the American Constitution.

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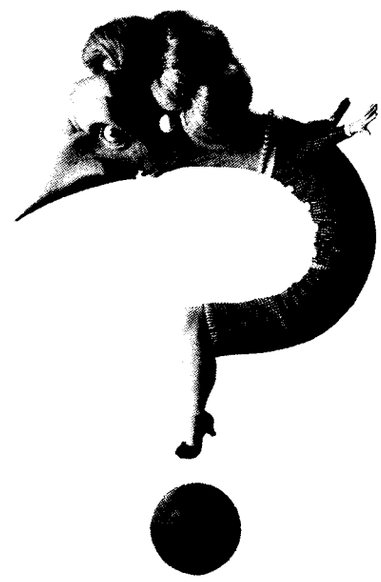

The big question mark

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EUROPE
Michael Meacher

EEC rules have choked initiatives in UK industry

Europe's 'free trade' tangle

ONE DAMAGING EFFECT of the EEC on Britain has so far passed unnoticed. That is the impact of Articles 92 and 93 of the Treaty of Rome – which has restricted not only our freedom of manoeuvre in industrial and economic planning, but also our ability to pursue interventionist, socialist policies. During the last Labour government the Commission invoked the two Articles time after time, in order to impose free market principles on Britain – and as a result an enormous number of jobs were lost.

The full effect cannot be measured precisely, since it is likely that the EEC's most profound influence has been in inhibiting initiatives which might, if followed through, have proved beneficial. But explicit interventions have taken their toll too.

In a number of cases the EEC has decided unilaterally to terminate or reduce industry support schemes. A typical example was its ban on subsidies for the purchase of British offshore oil equipment. Nearly 100,000 people are directly or indirectly employed in the North Sea servicing industries and many of them have been put at risk because of the actions of the Commission. Curiously, the Commission raised no objection in 1973 when it was consulted about the introduction of the Offshore Supplies Interest Relief Grants. But as the size of the market grew, it claimed the grant was distorting trade within the community because it was restricted to UK suppliers, and that it therefore contravened Article 92.

The UK Government argued that there was no distortion, since the grant was merely countering subsidised competition from third countries, mainly the USA. After much haggling, the government agreed to give grants only where a UK tender was in competition either with non-EEC tenders, or (subject to prior Commission approval in every case) with both EEC and non-EEC tenders, where one of the latter was preferred.

The Commission went on to insist that *all* EEC components and sub-contracts forming part of main UK contracts should be embraced within the scheme, without any prior condition as to the minimum UK share of the work; and that grants should be sanctioned only where there was some 'industrial restructuring' (i.e. closures). At this point negotiations reached an impasse: to rope in EEC sub-contracts and components virtually without limit would contravene the 'national interest' criterion of Section 8 of the Industry Act 1972 and would therefore be unacceptable politically and financially. On 2 May, the eve of the general election, the EEC announced its intention to abolish the scheme altogether by Commission decree. The resulting loss of jobs will run into tens of thousands.

A similar effect was produced by the Brussels attack on the Temporary Employment Subsidy (TES) scheme. In March, 1978, about 174,000 jobs were being preserved by TES which was paid to employers who agreed to keep on workers who would otherwise be redundant. About half the jobs preserved were in textiles, clothing and footwear. EEC Commissioner Vouel first demanded that new TES expenditure in the textiles, clothing and footwear sector be limited to half its 1977–78 level, that comparable expenditure in other sectors be limited to their 1977-78 level, and that payment to each individual be stopped altogether after 12 months. The British government again resisted, but in the end had to concede much of what the EEC demanded. In particular, the UK had to accept that TES in the textiles, clothing and footwear sector would be limited to 70 per cent of the workforce in any factory for the first six months, and be reduced to 50 per cent for the second six months. The Commission also expected the UK to keep expenditure on new applications in this sector in 1978–79 to £55 million, i.e. half the comparable expenditure for the previous year, and to limit expenditure on new applications in other sectors to £80 million. The aim was to cut the number of jobs supported by 32–37,000.

A third victim of EEC intervention has been Britain's £85m Shipbuilding Intervention Fund, which had been designed to cushion the drastic decline in shipbuilding jobs in the regions. As part of its policy of challenging Regional Development Grants to sectors of surplus capacity, the Commission demanded under Article 4 (1) of the EEC Fourth Directive on Shipbuilding that, firstly, aid be suspended, and secondly, prior notification to Brussels be given of *all* projects likely to qualify for Regional Development Grants which would lead to increases in the capacity of shipbuilding yards.

But the prize for the EEC's most 'theological' application of the competition rules must surely go to the Commission's long-threatened action under Article 93(3) against the Eady Levy distribution to British film-makers. Though film-making is scarcely the area for insisting on open-market competition, given the complete linguistic and cultural distinctiveness of the various Member States, this is the line that the Commission has followed.

A SECOND major category of EEC intervention in British industrial policy has been over the vexed question of 'dumping' – technically defined as the selling of products on foreign markets at a price below that for the same product on the domestic market. Up till 31 December 1977, the end of the transitional period for Britain's entry into the Common Market, the UK was able to take action under Section 4 of the Customs Duties (Dumping and Subsidies) Act, 1969, so long as it could prove that dumping in the technical sense was actually taking place. From 1978 onwards, however, the concept of dumping within the EEC has disappeared because the Common Market is regarded as a single integrated trading area and the Treaty of Rome makes no provision for remedying dumping by other EEC countries.

Among others, the UK chipboard industry has been severely damaged by EEC dumping (in this case from Belgium), yet has been helpless to achieve redress because of the absence of any concept of 'regional protection' in the relevant EEC regulation 459/68. Under this regulation, protection is not available unless it can be proved that a 'major part' of the EEC industry as a whole has suffered: injury inflicted on a UK industry alone cannot be remedied. Several UK firms are in danger of collapse as a result.

A similar predicament confronts the UK steel bath-making industry. Alleged Italian dumping can only be countered by invoking Article 92, claiming subsidies by the Italians incompatible with the Common Market (which the Commission after a scanty inquiry rejected); or Article 86, claiming abuse of a dominant market position (which has never yet been successfully invoked in such a case). The effect again therefore has been that the UK industry has been bled, without effective redress.

To stop dumping, the British Government intended that domestic prices (i.e. those prevailing in the country of supply) would have to be quoted by UK steel importers in their applications for surveillance licences in order to import. The Commission objected – it would transform an automatic scheme for granting licences into a 'discretionary' one. The British Government replied that it would not guarantee to issue licences within the stipulated five days where applications did not contain the required domestic price information, but 'would not knowingly hold up imports'. The Commission held out and the UK was prevented from collecting domestic price information as a check against dumping.

APART FROM subsidies and dumping the most important example of the Commission's predilection for the unfettered market came in a proposal last October for a wide ranging directive under Article 90 (3) of the Treaty of Rome requiring all member states to notify Brussels of the allocation of public resources to public undertakings. The directive was ostensibly aimed at the giant Italian IRI but the British NEB and Scottish and the Welsh Development Agencies were to be brought under close EEC scrutiny, as would British Steel and Aerospace. If the NEB made any attempt to stimulate new industry or revive those in decline the Commission could well object on the grounds that there was overcapacity elsewhere in Europe. For instance, a company proposed to invest heavily with the help of the Government's selective investment scheme, in the manufacture of refrigerators in Peterborough and automatic washing machines in Llandudno: the plan had to be shelved on the Commission's edict, because of over-capacity elsewhere. In other cases, the Commission has refused to allow import restraints even when they have been temporarily necessary to save an industry from collapse. An application from the Sheffield cutlery industry, facing up to 85 per cent import penetration in stainless steel tableware, was flatly rejected on the grounds that there was no evidence at the time that the UK domestic industry could meet consumer demand. More notoriously, in the cars sector where import penetration has soared to 50 per cent, the British Government has committed more than £1 billion to Leyland and other manufacturers yet is unable to nurture that investment. Trade policy is hamstrung to the point of having to squeeze Japan by voluntary restraints while the vastly bigger influx from the EEC goes uncontrolled. (Car imports increased from Japan last year by less than 0.5 per cent compared with 3.5 per cent from the EEC).

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In May last year, during the negotiations with the Portuguese on textile restraints, William Haferkamp, the German Commisioner, promised Britain that there would be effective and constant co-operation between the Commission and member states in the Article 113 committee (the official-level committee on textiles) throughout the negotiations. However, within seven months, the Commission actually signed an agreement with Portugal to accept import levels for textiles and clothing above the global limits which had previously been agreed as the maximum. Member states were than presented with this *fait accompli.*

One way in which we will have to judge our European MPs is the extent to which they take up these issues of the EEC's random and increasing intervention. If we go on as we are it will soon be impossible to elect a socialist government which can legally implement socialist industrial policies.

Michael Meacher MP, was Parliamentary Under-Secretary for Trade in the last Labour Government.

HOUSING
Andrew Arden

A test case has found some teeth in the Homeless Persons Act

Painful path to a family home

A FAMILY OF FOUR who found themselves homeless in the Dorset town of Poole have just won an eighteen-month battle for the right to be housed by the local authority. Their victory suggests there is some hope – at last – that the Housing (Homeless Persons) Act of 1977 may actually carry some weight.

The Act gives local authorities a duty to provide some sort of assistance for homeless people. The extent of the assistance (whether it be merely advice, or temporary or permanent accommodation) depends on the circumstances of each case. But it left up to the authority to decide when the statutory duty applies. Many authorities have been hostile to the Act from the start and have proved most reluctant to help the homeless. The courts have only limited powers to intervene and they, in turn, have been reluctant to do so. As a result, families like the Wynesses have found it almost impossible to establish their rights.

Mary and Paul Wyness had first come to Poole in the autumn of 1977. They had quit their council home in Hampshire, partly because of family pressures and partly because they were living in a village without any employment prospects for Paul Wyness, and without daily transport to any neighbouring town where work might be found. After a period on the road, looking for somewhere to settle where work might be available, the Wynesses and one of their two young children arrived in Poole, where Paul Wyness had a number of relatives.

They lived in caravans, with members of the family, in out-of-season holiday accommodation. In March 1978, they applied for housing from Poole. The district council refused: it alleged they had no connection with Poole (within the meaning of the Act) and arranged for their old authority to offer them housing. Temporarily, the Wynesses stayed with a distant cousin in conditions that came close to illegal overcrowding. But they would not go back to Hampshire. It was a difficult decision: the prospect of employment and no roof, or a roof and indefinite unemployment. They opted for the former and, as Judge Pennant commented at the end of the case, they could not be compelled to return to Hampshire.

Their faith paid off when, late in 1978, Paul Wyness got a job. By this time, their younger child was at school and he was soon joined by the elder one, who had been staying with relatives elsewhere. But this meant the family had to leave their cousin's house, and the four of them moved into a single room in a holiday house. In November, they reapplied for housing from Poole, as the job now gave them a local connection. The council stuck to its guns and they were forced to take action under the 1977 Homeless Persons Act.

Others before them had not had much luck in the courts. Some had not known the law could do anything to help and others had had difficulty – especially outside London – getting useful legal assistance. Most lawyers would have assumed until recently that the only way to fight an obstructive local authority was to go to the Divisional Court and apply for an order, by way of judicial review, compelling it to provide housing, or quashing a decision to refuse it. The procedure is an expensive one, and difficult to sustain. Since the 1977 Act came into force, no more than half a dozen cases have been reported.

HOWEVER, THE CASE of *Thornton v Kirklees Metropolitan Borough Council* earlier this year established the right of a homeless person to sue for damages and an injunction in the county court – an easier, quicker and cheaper procedure. So the Wynesses did just that: they issued proceedings in the county court and immediately claimed an interim injunction to give them somewhere to live pending trial. By then, they had been moved to another room in the holiday house, so that there was not even physical space for the two children who were, once again, farmed out to relatives. At least this timed they stayed in Poole and were able to continue their schooling. The interim proceedings were settled on a 'without prejudice' basis and temporary accommodation was provided, costing the family £21 a week. But there was to be a speedy trial – and that came up on 21 May.

The case took three days, most of it absorbed by legal submissions. By the time the court had to give its judgment, all that was left were two legal issues. First, could the Wynesses reapply to Poole, or could the authority take the attitude that its duty ceased after it had dealt with the March application by arranging accommodation in their old area? Second, even if Poole were under a duty to house them, could this be done in any event by arranging for an offer from their old area, even though that meant Paul Wyness would have to leave his job?

The court did not find either question difficult: the Act was about human beings, not legal concepts. The Wynesses were perfectly entitled to reapply once there was a material change in their circumstances – which in this case meant once Paul Wyness had got a job in Poole. As it happened, the court didn't have to face the second question, since there was no evidence that the Hampshire authority was willing to offer them accommodation if it did not have to, or if Poole was found to have a duty to house them under the 1977 Act. But 'just in case', the court ruled that an authority could not discharge its duties by arranging accommodation so far away. On that basis, Poole council had a duty to provide the family with permanent accommodation.

By the time the case reached court, the family had been homeless for a total of 28 months. The strains were beginning to show: separation from their children; living in hopelessly inadequate rooms; and, for most of the time, having nowhere to cook and being put to the additional expense of eating out or buying takeaway food. They were far from compensated by the damages awarded. In the single flaw in an otherwise admirable judgment, Judge Pennant reflected that, no doubt, the Wyness family had been able to save some money, because they had only had to heat a small room through a cold winter.

EDUCATION

More battered children

THE TORIES certainly mean business about law and order. True-blue Buckinghamshire has just brought back beating for 5 to 7 year olds who misbehave in primary school. This coincides with several backwards/frontwards moves in the corporal punishment arena. The National Union of Teachers is engaged in an exercise to find out what its local associations currently think about beating in schools.

The teaching unions have come under some recent pressure about their punishment policies: the TUC has condemned beating; both Shirley Williams and Margaret Jackson, when they were ministers, made unequivocal statements against it and cases about beating have gone to the International Court of Human Rights. The survey will no doubt merely reconfirm that the majority of teachers' local associations – if not teachers – favour the retention of corporal punishment. However, the survey might be of some use if it is able to detail the conditions under which teachers would be prepared to forego their right to beat. So far, this is only expressed in terms of the need for 'additional resources' (for whom: the pupil or the teacher?).

NUT claims that beating is declining have been blown by the anti-beating pressure group STOPP's leaking of Waltham Forest's caning count for 1977/8 – a trebling in primary schools and a 20 per cent jump in secondary schools over 1976/7.

The UK Association for the International Year of the Child has at last come out against corporal punishment 'in schools and other institutions'. It has just published a discussion paper, written by The Sunday Times' education correspondent Peter Wilby, setting out the arguments used for and against abolition (It's free, from 85 Whitehall, London SW1).

Sadly, all this is likely to be of little use. We now have both a Prime Minister and an Education Secretary in favour of corporal punishment – despite the evidence that it can be a positive hindrance to law and order in schools.

Rick Rogers

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Lock-out Diary

☐ It has been more than six months since the disappearance of *The Times* and more than four months since I last reported in this space on the morale of its overseas correspondents, or at least of one of them. Then I was able to describe the torrent of newsletters which poured from Gray's Inn Road, keeping us as up to date as the transatlantic mails would allow on the latest nuances in the lockout. Predictably, the torrent slowed as the morale of the lads back home plummeted at probably a higher rate than ours. Now we are lucky if we get two bulletins a month. There was a flurry of telephonic communication in April, as the deadline of the 17th passed with no resumption of publication, and then with the preparations for the ill-starred Frankfurt weekly. When that curious venture aborted, the foreign news editor telephoned to announce that he and his staff were going into hibernation, and he has been as good as his word. Now our only contact with London is the monthly salary cheque. Like remittance men, we quiver anxiously for a few days before it is due, then phone colleagues to discover whose has arrived. When all is safely banked, we return to our books, to visiting the racecourse or swimming pool and to wondering if we shall ever be required to do any proper work again. I took my son sightseeing in Washington during Easter week and, on a frigid morning at the zoo, we stumbled across Patrick Brogan, head of *The Times* bureau there, disconsolately wheeling an infant round the monkey house. 'My wife,' he confessed morosely, 'has ordered me out of the house until noon.' Such is the human price of capitalist adventurism.

☐ The single issue of the Frankfurt 'weekly' is destined to become a collector's item. Our copy in the New York office is kept under lock and key and, when in a mood to ponder man's perversity, I persuade the custodian to unlock it for me. It contained an agonised pre-election editorial in which William Rees-Mogg, patently forging a mental link between the travails of *The Times* and the state of the nation, fretted over whether the victorious Conservatives might not hasten Britain's decline by messing up their attempt to reverse it. Apart from that, there were three items directly about the lockout. On the front page, looking for all the world like a proper news item, was an essay by Louis Heren, the deputy editor, who described the publication of the weekly (printed by Turkish labour in Germany) as 'another skirmish in the long battle' for British press freedom. Taking his cue from his editor, Heren ruminated: 'Britain is in a state of disequilibrium. There can be no doubt about that; the suspended publication of *The Times* is but one example of the dissension that has plagued this once tolerant and pragmatic country for so many years.' On page two was a sound factual account of the progress of the dispute and on page nine Rees-Moggs's second leader, which ended with a moving appeal to readers to advise *The Times* whether it should 'admit that trade union power is too strong for us, that we have made a perhaps honourable mistake, and settle as best we can' or whether 'the national interest would be better served by standing out for a reasonable settlement'. My antennae may be rusting from disuse but are still sensitive enough to detect a loaded question and it can have surprised nobody to learn the answer, as revealed in Rees-Moggs's briefing to senior staff on 9 May: 'The response from readers . . . has been to implore the management to stand firm.'

☐ But will they? There seems a growing split in the board room on how best to conduct the dispute. Piecing together the observations of transients from *The Times* and the *Sunday Times* who pass through New York trying to sell their books to American publishers, I have arrived at the following speculative analysis of the management line-up. The hawks are led by Duke Hussey, flanked by his spiritual adviser Rees-Mogg. The moderate camp seems now to be headed by Gordon Brunton of the main Thomson Newspapers board, backed by Sir Denis Hamilton, the editor-in-chief of the two papers, who has kept his profile low throughout. The irony is that Brunton provoked the showdown when he summoned Hussey last April and said something must be done to end production losses. Hussey, with Brunton's approval, chose strong-arm tactics, believing that they would achieve his object by April of this year. Now that deadline has slipped, Brunton is said to be getting impatient with the increasingly despairing Hussey. So is Harold Evans, of the *Sunday Times*, who is rumoured to be looking for ways in which his paper can be severed from *The Times*, which he thinks of as an albatross. He disapproved of the Frankfurt endeavour, which is one reason why the management have decided not to press on with it, though Rees-Mogg and his lieutenant Charles Douglas-Home are still attracted to the idea of working with cheap foreign printers, perhaps eventually using them to bring the paper out daily.

☐ At one of his briefings, as interpreted to foreign correspondents by Douglas-Home, Rees-Mogg spoke wistfully of how, in the Frankfurt operation, the man who 'had set *The Times* weekly with two girls' (it was actually four girls, according to Michael Hamlyn, who supervised the operation) was now trying to buy a machine called the OCR which could set copy from typescript at 300,000 words an hour. 'In other words it could set a complete issue of *The Times* in 40 minutes or the *Daily Express* in six minutes with only one or two operators and would eliminate all processes between typescript and paste-up.' Savings achieved by such miraculous methods would, he asserted, quickly pay both for the machine and for setting up a new distribution system independent of the unions. A further indication of Rees-Mogg's hard line came in a report from another visitor that he had originally wanted to stop the pay of journalists who refused to work for the Frankfurt enterprise but was dissuaded from this provocation by Heren, who appears to straddle the two management camps.

☐ If all this is true, the most intriguing question is where Lord Thomson, the boss of bosses, stands. The assumption has always been that he must be in favour of compromise, dismayed at all the money squandered on the lockout and anxious to get the paper back on the streets. To test this hypothesis I telephoned him in Toronto. He was courteous enough to return my call, but made no positive response to my suggestion that I should go to Canada to give him a different slant on the dispute from that which he was getting from his managers. Our exchange persuaded me that he is among the hawks. He followed the Rees-Mogg/Heren line that it was all a symptom of a malaise affecting Britain and must be fought to the end for everyone's sake. I pressed on: if his management felt philosophically unable to settle, I asked, why not sell to someone who could? Selling, he replied, was 'low on our list of options' – a significant change from the previous house line that it was not on the list at all. I followed up our talk with a long letter. While accepting that Britain might be afflicted by a malaise, I wrote, 'I believe you are mistaken in thinking that it can be eradicated by managements taking what you perceive to be a tough moral stand in asserting their right to manage their undertakings in the most profitable manner.' I suggested the appointment of an uncommitted mediator and, while I named no name in the letter, my personal fancy was for the shrewd Peter Jay. A friend was going to the Jay election night party in Washington, so I got him to raise the question with the lame-duck ambassador. Jay seemed flattered, but his telephone must have remained silent for he now has made plans to tackle more predictable turbulences by sailing his boat back to Ireland from America. Meanwhile Lord Thomson has yet to answer my letter and such hopes as there are for a settlement rest on talks between the NUJ and the NGA and on a Len Murray initiative. See you at the zoo.

Michael Leapman

This England

Prizes: £3 book token for first entry, £2 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

☐ One interesting fact: there were no lavatories on trains in Victorian times. This probably contributed to the famous British reputation for maintaining a superb 'stiff upper lip'. – *British Government Publications*, issued by the British High Commission, New Delhi. (M. S. Prabhakar)

☐ It was with regret that I read that Bruce Dowles intends to stand as a 'Morris Dancer' in the Clitheroe Parish Council elections. Those of us who have been Morris dancers considerably longer than Dowles try to approach the dance with a measure of dignity and feel that his action is not appropriate either to the dance or the parish council. – Letter in *Burnley Evening Star* (G. Moor)

☐ After a bitter wrangle within Bible Class League management circles, Hillsborough Trinity have withdrawn their remaining second team from the League next season. – *Sheffield Star Weekly* (A. Molnar)

☐ As a country car, the four-door Cherokee Chief is said to be enjoying a certain popularity among Scottish landowners. They favour it for driving over their grouse moors because the ghillie, who sits in the back seat, does not have to disturb the laird when getting out to open the gates. – *Financial Times* (Patrick Mullin)

☐ 'It's the second time I've been burgled in six months and we also had a tent stolen from the garden,' said one angry victim. She was robbed of a valuable watch – a present from her husband. 'They even left behind cigarette ends. If this was Iran they would have their hands cut off,' she said. – *Crosby Herald* (Mrs J.Blackledge)

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LETTERS to the EDITOR

New models beyond the monetarist storm

Sir, It is unfortunate Jeremy Bray (NS 18 May) spends 14 of his 15 columns on monetarism discussing i) methodology, a peripheral problem for most working economists; ii) controversial econometric results and iii) macroeconometric techniques, none of which interests the non-specialist and all of which are, in any case, irrelevant to the question at hand. Orthodox economic theory and monetarism, its latter-day child, rest on more robust foundations than Mr Bray makes out. Serious criticism of such theory can and ought to be made at a more fundamental level than he has done. Allow me to explain briefly.

Consider what I call Model One. There are very large numbers of small households and small firms. Each of these knows its own wants, its endowments and its technology. Each is greedy and is motivated by self-interest. Question: what conditions are sufficient for there to be prices and wages such that the optimal actions of each such agent, subject to the constraints it faces, are mutually and simultaneously compatible? The precise answer, to which Mr Bray alludes in his 15th column, has long been provided by economic theorists in the form of the model of competitive equilibrium. (One may refer for example to *General Competitive Analysis*, by Kenneth Arrow and Frank Hahn, North Holland 1971).

Now the difference between the Theorist and the Monetarist is this: the Theorist modestly proves it is conceivable for such equilibrium prices and wages to exist; the Monetarist goes on to believe in the model and makes the rather more grand empirical assertion that such equlibrium *will occur* in practice via the 'free play of market forces'.

Note incidentally, and ironically, the Monetarist finds himself a most unlikely bedfellow in the Ultrasocialist. When the latter thinks of the centralised allocation of economic resources, he uses a variant of exactly the same model with the powerful computers of the Central Planning Office substituting for the free market. The Monetarist believes the invisible hand will work swiftly and beneficently, the Ultrasocialist believes the same for his computers.

Suppose the Monetarist is correct in his belief. This means markets for all commodities clear more or less simultaneously, all expressed demands are effective, there is no involuntary unemployment to speak of, there is no excess capacity or unintended inventory holdings, there are no strikes or lockouts. People in such a world learn to adapt to their environments very quickly so any systematic policy of intervention by the Government is discovered by them and used to their own ends, rendering the policy fruitless. Ergo, the Government is not to behave like a bull in a china shop, and the only efficacious policy for it to announce and then pursue is to have the money supply move with the rate of growth of output. Thus far, Sir Keith Joseph and Professors Milton Friedman and Frederick von Hayek.

A property of an economy in a competitive equilibrium such as this is that it will be efficient in the sense of Pareto: none can be made better off in his own eyes without making one or more others worse off in theirs. Efficient, yes; Just, no. The equilibrium is one only relative to the initial distribution of resource endowments which may have come to be what it is by notoriously unjust routes. Thus, even in the Monetarist world, a case can be made for widespread State activity to rectify past injustices by redistributive transfers, an argument the orthodox close their eyes and ears to.

Suppose next the Monetarist claim is false, i.e. 'free collective bargaining' and individual price-setting do not lead to market-clearing wages and prices being discovered. Call this Model Two. People act on the basis of non-equilibrium prices and wages and some must therefore be rationed in their desired trades, e.g. workers would like to sell more labour at the going wage but find they cannot, firms would like to sell more of their output at going prices but find they cannot, yet no one has an incentive to change prices or wages or to discover what the 'true' possibilities of trade might be.

Modern theorists have demonstrated how such unsatisfactory states are the logically possible social outcomes of rational, self-interested, individual behaviour in circumstances where there is great trading uncertainty and individual expectations are continually belied by experience. The Government, being a large agent, may have superior information as to which rations are binding and on whom; it can take advantage of this and i) judiciously arrange its own trading at least in the short-term to relax the rations faced by citizens; ii) take an active part in helping to discover what the set of equilibrium wages and prices might be. Sensible Government intervention of this kind moves the economy to a preferred state of affairs. It is an argument which lies at the heart of Keynesian thinking in environments which display widespread involuntary unemployment and bankruptcies and stagnation in industry. Sadly however, John Maynard Keynes, like other great thinkers, has suffered the indignity of being so often misconstrued by both friend and foe.

The crucial empirical question to be asked of any particular industrial economy, therefore, is whether it is best seen to conform to Model One or to Model Two. What the Government ought to do rests squarely on the answer to this.

Mr Bray refers to an intellectual revolution in modern economics. It has been in progress for several years now and the revolutionaries are not the popular heroes of the political Right or Left, but people thinking very hard about very hard problems.

SUBROTO ROY

Corpus Christi College
Cambridge

Sir, Dr Jeremy Bray (NS 18 May) seems to be advocating that economists should become more mathematical and make more use of the engineering approach to the problems of control. There is indeed a strong case to be made out for consistency of thought and consistency often implies the use of logic and logic may lead to mathematics. It is also true that we should examine data and do so in a systematic and informed manner and this may well lead us to econometrics. But what should never be forgotten is that economists are primarily concerned with economics – which is not and can never be a branch of applied mathematics. There have been a number of attempts to force economics into the restrictive mode of mathematical analysis (Arrow and Debreu have been quoted by Bray) but they all turn out to be sterile and misleading. Who would want to argue any case for social policy on the basis of Arrow and Debreu's model?

Similarly with econometrics – the mathematics of that discipline completely dominate the economics so that we now have many good brains beguiled by the mathematical intricacies of econometric theory which are far beyond anything the economic theory or the actual observations can support. The results of these preoccupations speak for themselves. Bray quotes Hendry and Deaton who conclude that '. . . 9.00 times the natural logarithm of the ratio of consumers' spending to disposable income a year ago' is a factor in determining current consumers' expenditure. Would an economist even have postulated such a theory?

What makes economics at once so difficult and so intriguing is that which rules out the 'black box' approach so favoured by Dr Bray and his associates. There are no clearly defined inputs and there are no clearly defined outputs and even if there were there is no 'transfer function' to be revealed simply by analysing signals and responses. Economics is to do with ways of thinking about the world. It is supposed to liberate us and our thinking from the prisons of custom and prejudice. Examining data is a useful discipline and mathematical methods can sometimes be helpful but for economists to spend their days learning control theory, higher mathematics and advanced statistics is not only inefficient in terms of division of labour, it is positively harmful in depriving them of a deeper understanding of their subject as a moral science. They will indeed come to see economic policy as 'controlling' rather than 'liberating'. They will indeed come to see man as a one-dimensional maximiser operating only in markets rather than as a social being, prone to error and wonderfully changing.

Surely it is time for economists to return to political economy and stop pretending they are some new whizz-kid group of social engineers.

DAVID F. HEATHFIELD

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Highfield
Southampton, Hants.

Sir, It is amusing to see Karl Popper being presented as an ally of the Left. This is the same Karl Popper who takes the scientific enterprise as a model for society at large and urges an American-style free enterprise system on the grounds that science is characteristiced by 'mutual rational control by critical discussion' (*The Logic of Scientific Discovery*, p 44). More imporantly, strict adherence to Popperian philosophy will prevent our obtaining the policy guidance from economics that Bray and most of the rest of us desire. Given Popper's principles we cannot rely on the predictions we make since to do so would involve inductivism and inductivism is what Popper's whole philosophy is designed to refute. Bray says as well that Popper teaches us that we require 'tests of theories from evidence outside that from which the theories were derived'. But why mention Popper? The arch-inductivist Francis Bacon taught the same thing over 300 years ago: he referred to such outside evidence as 'prerogative'.

ANDREW LUGG

235 Cooper
Ottawa, Ontario

Singular phenomena

Sir, Toughened by long exposure to singular 'media' and 'data', I didn't flick an eyelash today (25 May) at Ruth Hall's 'On the wall of the men's room in a Vail nightclub is the graffiti . . .'; but – what was she doing there? Is *nothing* sacred?

JAMES R. LITTLE

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Sir, 'Notoriously fond of a drink, brass-players . . .'; 'I dug my stilettos in and refused to move until a large vodka had been brought . . .'; 'We needed several stiff drinks before setting off . . .'

Quotations from a paper an NS reader would usually not look at? No, from Ruth Hall's London Diary, NS 25 May 1979, page 752.

PAUL ROM

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Against slavery

Sir, Robin Blackburn (Letters 4 May) shouldn't accuse me of making wild claims. I chose the words he quotes very carefully, and see no reason to retract them. 'Castlereagh. . . did as much as any Englishman, except Wilberforce and Clarkson themselves, to put the Atlantic slave trade on the way to extinction.' I so expressed myself because I know, like everyone else, that the Atlantic slave trade outlived Castlereagh by nearly half a century; all I claim for that statesman is that he helped begin the good work of killing it. I do not say that the British were principally responsible for the death of the trade; I do assert that they and their governments made effective contributions to the cause, and I shall not be persuaded otherwise simply because Mr Blackburn can quote against me the

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Duke of Wellington, the most reactionary Prime Minister of the period.

Everyone agrees that what finally dispatched the Atlantic slave trade was the Anglo-American treaty of 1862, which at last gave the Royal Navy a free hand to deal with the slavers. This fact suggests that what held the British back previously was less the cynicism of which Mr Blackburn accuses them than the awareness that unrestrained use of naval power would bring on war with the United States, whose flag protected so many slave-ships. It would have been war in a good cause, no doubt, but is it so very shocking that Britain was not prepared to go to such a heroic extreme?

'This is enough history,' says Mr Blackburn, by which I suppose he means that he wants the last word. Myself, I can't see why your readers should not be interested in a controversy on such a tragic subject; but in any case it was not I but Paul Foot who provoked it. He made what I believe to be inaccurate assertions on three specific points: I challenged him; and I have yet to be refuted on a single one of them.

HUGH BROGAN

University of Essex
Colchester

Ignazio Silone

Sir, My late husband, Ignazio Silone, bequeathed his archive and correspondence to me with the understanding that I make them 'available to future scholars'. Since the Italian government has declared them to be a 'national heritage' and forbidden me to take them out of Italy, the only way in which I can attempt to carry out my husband's wish is to edit and publish them. I have decided to publish the archive in biographical form, probably in several volumes.

For this immense task I shall need the help of all friends, anyone and everyone who knew Silone before I met him (which was in December 1941), or who knew him since but in places other than Rome, and would be so kind as to let me have their reminiscences of him; also of anyone possessing letters from him who would not mind sending me photostat copies; also of anyone possessing, or knowing how to find, articles by him or concerning him – in any language. Given the chaotic situation of the Italian post for the last 13 years, it would be better to register. If no acknowledgement from me is received, it means the letter has not reached me.

I need not say how grateful I should be for any help of this kind.

DARINA SILONE

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Don't ask a policeman

Sir, Just a warning concerning John Clare's article 'Who takes the rap for police assault?' (NS 4 May) and his advice to take the policeman's number. Don't let a policeman see you doing it! And get witnesses.

I advise this because of my own experiences during a pre-war demonstration. A young man walking alongside me suddenly jerked forward, being rather viciously poked in the back by the policeman's truncheon. He protested that he couldn't move faster than those in front. 'Any more bloody lip from you and I'll take you in,' was the reply. There was a break and then the poking started again. On protesting further the lad was grabbed and pushed forward.

Rather unwisely I stepped forward and asked the policeman for his number, whereupon I too was grabbed and told 'You can come along too.' Another policeman jumped on my back and I was taken to the station and charged with 'inciting the crowd to attack the constable with the object of releasing his prisoner.' I was later fined £5.

The most disgraceful thing was yet to come. When I complained about it to a policeman friend

he just laughed and said: 'You were a bloody fool. You should have waited until the lad had been taken to the station and then gone in and made your complaint. Then we could only have charged you with insulting words and behaviour. You see, we are taught to put you on the defensive if you are going to make a complaint against us. The magistrate will always accept our word against yours.'

My experience since then leads me to believe that nothing has changed.

JAMES L. SHEPHERD

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Essex

Limp wrists and the Left

Sir, David Fernbach's letter (18 May) protesting against your depiction of 'a limp-wristed Martin Webster' serves to remind us of the remarkable change in British left-wing attitudes to homosexuality which has taken place since the 1930s – although, as what provoked his protest shows, the old attitudes still survive in some quarters.

In the 1930s it was part of Red folklore, so to speak, that fascists were, as often as not, 'pansies', and this was seen as constituting additional nastiness. The cartoonists of *Left Review* delighted in showing Blackshirts as homosexual stereotypes. I recall that when I took part in a coat-trailing march past a Blackshirt headquarters, we chanted:

'Hitler and Mosley – what are they for?
'Thuggery, buggery, hunger and war!'

Given the circumstance that some of the literary spokesmen of the Comintern line in Britain in those days were also members of the Homintern, this identification of homosexuality with fascism had a whiff of hypocrisy about it. The aim was, no doubt, to play upon the antipathy towards 'queers' which was (and perhaps still is) widespread among ordinary working-class people to whom the names of such as Auden and Isherwood meant nothing.

BRIAN PEARCE

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New Barnet, Herts

Memoirs of a noodle

Sir, Jonathan Raban (NS 11 May) must be under some baleful influence to rage at such length about a book he misunderstands. It is not a memoir at all. Matthews's autobiography, *Name and Address*, was published in 1961. It was there that we met him before, and not in the fiction of F. Scott Fitzgerald. Robert Graves pronounced it brilliant. Many lesser mortals find in it, or in *Under the Influence* no trace of a 'conceited ingenu' under the spell of Princeton's 'snobbish and glittery clubland', patrician families being innocent of snobbery. Raban's banal and ill-tempered phrases are in some contrast to the perceptive and concise reviewing that Matthews brought to the book section of *Time* so long ago.

The American title, *Jacks or better*, is more indicative of what this astonishingly subtle book is about, and it is certainly not about the 1970s, revenge, or 'puppets with famous names.' Matthews no more presents himself as Tiresias than does Henry James, who was also pre-occupied with those mysterious disasters which beset promising relationships, not least when an apparently common language often fatally obscures the terrifying impediments to an understanding between North American and English protagonists.

Matthews, with 'no particular talent', and 'riding on coat tails'? Few American men of letters have been more literate, more versatile, or more generous than he. But it must have been his 'comic and heroic' self-dispraise that led to a serious omission in the entries under 'Matthews, T. S.' He forgot to add Cables, and he is a master of this genre. Jonathan Raban has much to learn from Matthews's soaring flights into terseness.

LADY ELTON

Clevedon Court
Somerset

Smith and Kissinger

Sir, Barbara Rogers writes (NS 25 May): 'Smith's claim that Kissinger had made some commitment to recognition in the course of his 1976 shuttle diplomacy was categorically denied by William Rodgers, who had accompanied him to Rhodesia.' May I point out that Smith and Kissinger met in Pretoria. Kissinger never visited Rhodesia.

M. R. ALLEN

London EC2

Facts are free

Sir, I hope it's not too late to comment on Paul Foot's admirable article in your issue of 4 May. I'm afraid our party has only itself to blame for the present imbalance in newspaper coverage at election times, and indeed at other times, of political events.

More than thirty years ago the scandal of newspaper unfairness towards the post-War Labour government goaded that government, somewhat reluctantly, to set up the Press Council as one small step towards putting matters right. It was a ridiculously inadequate measure, of course, and it solved nothing.

Since then matters have gone from bad to worse with, among other things, the death of the *News Chronicle* and the purchase of the *Herald* and its transformation into the *Sun*. In a debate in the House some two years ago I suggested that there should be an Independent Newspaper Authority on the lines of the Independent Broadcasting Authority, with the power to enforce political balance. No-one took this up and even some members of the Labour Party thought this represented an intrusion on the freedom of the press – never mind what was said, and said by Conservatives among others (in the debates preceding the creation of ITV), about the need for political balance in the media.

With the election of a Conservative government, and one of a particularly virulent kind, there can be no chance of a change for the better. Our only hope now lies in trade union militancy driving newspapers out of business and then we can start from scratch.

JOHN LEE

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Gremlinology

Sir, No doubt a NEW STATESMAN gremlin was responsible for the misprint that crept into my note, 'Children in Custody' (NS 25 May). The number of young offenders spared incarceration by being placed on community supervision orders has sadly declined over the years and not increased as stated.

JOHN DRAPER

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Mitcham, Surrey

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FIRST PERSON
Arthur Marshall

We have lift-off

I cannot for the life of me imagine why whoever it is who is responsible for hurrying transport up supposes that the ordinary traveller now wants to get anywhere *faster* (I have long since given up wondering why the manufacturers of some motor-cars proudly boast that their latest model (car), which we see tastefully draped at the Motor Show with maniacally smiling and lightly clad models (girls), will 'do' 130 mph when the speed limit is 70 mph – surely a wholly reprehensible incitement to drivers to scorch down motorways and get themselves and, which is worse, innocent others into accidents). Well then, I gather that it is now possible to reach Edinburgh by rail from London in under five hours, but who in their senses wants to? A lengthy and old-fashioned railway journey can be just one long treat from start to finish – snug in one's corner with no telephone and nobody bursting in ('Oh, I see you're busy'), two thermoses (one of piping coffee: one of chilled Chablis), Country Life and a daily (paper) on one's lap, sandwiches galore (and with a slice of chocolate layer cake for tea), an unrivalled view of those nowadays tremendously neat suburban back gardens ('Oh look, their beans are up already!'), a pillow for resting the head (one has dozed off by Darlington), a box of soft-centred chocs to encourage, and who cares, obesity and dental decay, and the whole long lovely day stretching before one, with a friendly neighbour perhaps to pass the time of day with ('Would you care for a squint at my *Mail*?).

British Airways, than which there are none finer or safer, used, a decade or so ago, to cater for the sedate and unhurried traveller wishful to cross the Atlantic in the maximum time possible while still remaining airborne. Once a week an enormous and propeller-driven contraption called the 'Monarch' service used to leave our shores at about 8 pm and proceed, at what seemed a good old 210 mph and in the shortest possible hops, to the New World. I boarded it in 1958 in company with (and here I just casually toss in the names to show that, in spite of 'Myrtlebank', my sheltered life has had on occasion its more glamorous side) Lady Mountbatten and Frankie Vaughan, the latter seen off at Heathrow by radiant Dame Anna Neagle, every toenail firmly back in position (remember how fine she was in *Odette*?). The 'Monarch' had fourteen bunks (£8 extra) which let down from the cabin wall up front and were fully equipped with mattresses and sheets and blankets. There was a vast dinner of six courses and, best of all for some, there was a downstairs bar, slung in a giant bulge like a fatty's tummy beneath the aeroplane and reached by a winding staircase, where cocktails were served before dinner, together with caviar appetisers and smoked salmon canapés and where one could repair after dinner and stay sipping until late in the night, an obliging steward remaining on duty. The engines appeared to make remarkably little sound but perhaps that was because they obviously didn't care to exert themselves over-much. Catching the general mood on board, they felt relaxed and unhurried too.

After we had slowly lumbered into the air, the aircraft's first concern appeared to be to come down again as rapidly as possible and in the 26 (I think) hours that the flight took we landed in Iceland, Newfoundland, Goose Bay and somewhere else (can it have been Greenland?) to replenish both our petrol and the caviar. I was lucky enough to find on board a former and delightful Oundle colleague, no longer a schoolmaster but doing splendid work and at a greatly increased salary in Shell, and we lingered long in the bar after dinner. It was 'Do you remember?' night and when he reminded me of a charming but slightly absent-minded Matron who, anxious at lunch to lead her junior table in correct behaviour with a fervent 'Amen' after the Grace, used sometimes to forget what was what and say a very loud 'Good afternoon' instead, I let out such a violent cackle that the Second Officer, looking reproachful, descended the staircase and politely asked me to make a little less noise as the other passengers couldn't get to sleep. We apologised profusely and tippy-toed up the steel stairs to Bedfordshire.

In the craze for speed, the dear old 'Monarch' got swept away and is now gratefully remembered by few and how agreeable it therefore is to find its excellences recalled in David Beaty's paper-back, *The Complete Skytraveller* (Magnum Books, £1.25), a new and first-rate guide to journeys up aloft and one which, as the jacket announces, informs us about 'which are the most dangerous airports, what are the real hazards of take-off and landing, and much, much more . . .'. Rather a scary little volume, you might be thinking. Not a bit of it. For nervous travellers there are reassurances all along the line and the authorities really seem to have thought of everthing (did you know that on a flight the aircrew are forbidden to eat the same meals in case there is food poisoning about and they all get struck down simultaneously?). And speaking of nervousness, there has recently been formed in the UK a Society for the Conquest of Flying Fear. This comes out as SCOFF, the attitude of many.

Firmly putting the human race in its place by reminding us that the pterodactyl had a wing-span of 18 feet and was flying millions of years ago and without benefit of radar, weather forecasts and petrol, Mr Beaty packs his pages with fascinating facts. Over 500 jets cross the Atlantic daily, each one jabbering away throughout the trip to ground control. The outer skin of a Jumbo is an area of 1,690 square metres and has to be wax-polished every 12 weeks, not so much for the look of the thing, as with floors, but because it means the aircraft can slip through the air at a speed ten knots faster. When loading up a Jumbo with its varied necessities, one of the essential requirements is 300 gallons of fresh water, which seems an awful lot of water until you work it out per head and consider drinking, handwashing and other watery needs (is used water, and other matter, ejected, as in railway trains, while in motion and if so is this not yet another hazard for the three million houses that already endure noise nuisance in the Heathrow area?). Where and in what is the water stored? If at the rear, does the aeroplane not tend to tip forwards as it runs out? Probably not. I merely ask because time was when such considerations were important. Twenty or so years ago, a small and slight woman friend of mine (weight 8½ stone at the most and when fully loaded) was crossing to America in some huge machine and, in mid-Atlantic, betook herself to the lavatory near the tail. She had hardly been there, busy with this and that, five minutes before there was a sharp rat-a-tat on the door and a stewardess requested her to come out at once. The captain had complained that she 'was upsetting the trim of the aircraft'. Did you ever?

And speaking of stewardesses, how cheerfully they welcome one on board, a courtesy unavailable in some other forms of locomotion (just imagine a bus conductress smilingly welcoming you on to a No 14). Stewardesses first appeared in 1930 when, dressed in a nurse's white uniform, their two main tasks were to succour the air-sick and stop the passengers putting their heads out of the cabin windows. Pan American were the first to see them in another light, announcing that their ideal stewardesses were blue-eyed and brown-haired, 'poised and self-possessed' and weighing 115 pounds precisely. And in case the blue eyes should prove too distracting for the crew, the maximum time they were allowed to remain in the cockpit ('Coffee, Captain?') was 30 seconds.

Over only two of Mr Beaty's statements does one raise an eyebrow. 'People do sleep on board,' he says, 'but it is difficult'. Not for me it isn't. I am in dreamland almost before 'chocks away' time. And then he expresses surprise that 'around 70 per cent of the world's population has still never flown.' When one considers China, the USSR and the third world, I am astounded that as many as 30 in every 100 have been able to zoom into the air. Well, make the most of it. The next century will almost certainly see the end of it all.

Roger Woddis

Europhoria

I went into a polling-booth
  to register my vote;
The man who was in charge of things
  Was putting on his coat.
He said, 'Dear sir, you seem to grasp
  The grandeur that is Rome,
But you're about the only one,
  You might as well go home.'
O it's Europe this, and Europe that,
  And 'Members of a club!'
But it's 'Where the hell is Europe?'
  From the fellow in the pub.

I haven't seen a poster,
  Or a leaflet through the door,
And many are no wiser now
  Than they were heretofore.
There's some that say we ought to stay,
  And some we ought to go
  And some of them are lying,
  And the rest are lying low.
For it's Europe this, and Europe that,
  And 'Apathetic slobs!'
But it's 'What a splendid vision!'
  When they're thinking of their jobs.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Quentin Skinner

Inside Story

Against the Current: Essays in the History of Ideas by ISAIAH BERLIN *Hogarth Press* £9.50

Maurice Bowra once said of Isaiah Berlin that 'though like Our Lord and Socrates he does not publish much, he thinks and says a great deal and has had an enormous influence on our times'. It is certainly true that Berlin has exercised an extremely wide and beneficial influence. But it is a great mistake to suppose that he has been shy of putting his thoughts into print. *Against the Current* is the third in a series of four volumes in which his major essays are at last being collected – surely sufficient testimony in itself to the extent of his published work. And one of the many fascinating things it contains is 'A Bibliography of Isaiah Berlin', a list which already runs to nearly 170 items, including a considerable number (notably a series of early essays on music) which still remain uncollected.

As the bibliography reveals, Sir Isaiah's main interest has for many years been in the history of ideas. This gives the present volume a special significance, for it consists entirely of his essays in this genre, and so brings us to the heart of his scholarly work. It is now possible to appreciate, far more clearly than before, that Berlin's contributions to intellectual history have at once been exceptionally wide-ranging and very clearly focused. He moves with equal confidence from the political theories of Renaissance Italy to the counter-cultures of the late 20th century, deploying an astonishing range of reading in at least six languages. Underlying this diversity, however, there is a strong unifying theme. Or rather, there are two closely connected themes which recur throughout the book.

One is a critique of the belief that there is a single logic of explanation, that the same scheme of concepts can be used to encompass human actions as well as natural processes and events. Berlin is especially drawn to those thinkers who have rejected this contention with the greatest vehemence. This leads him to resurrect the almost forgotten figure of Johann Georg Hamann, whom Kierkegaard regarded as one of the formative influences on his own intellectual development. According to Hamann, any attempt to turn man into a subject for science will be doomed to overlook something absolutely vital: the fact that we can never hope by such methods 'to understand a line of poetry, a painting, a vision, a spiritual condition, an *état d'âme*, a form of life'.

The most important theorist to share this commitment was Giambattista Vico, the real hero of Berlin's book. Vico set himself above all to undermine the Cartesian assumption that the deductive method furnishes us with the only sure pathway to knowledge. He was the first philosopher, Berlin argues, to draw a sharp distinction between the methods of the natural sciences, which view the relatively fixed world of nature from the 'outside', and those of the humane studies, which examine social evolution from the 'inside' by means of a more emphatic form of understanding. Moreover, Vico added the far bolder claim that, since we can only gain a full understanding of what we have created ourselves, we cannot expect to achieve any complete knowledge of the natural world; we can only hope to grasp the full significance of what Vico called our own 'civil world'. It is clear that Berlin is much attracted to this view of the human sciences, a view which he summarises – in a splendidly characteristic passage – as a defence of

> the specific and unique versus the repetitive and the universal, the concrete versus the abstract, perpetual movement versus rest, the inner versus the outer, quality versus quantity, culture-bound versus timeless principles, mental strife and self-transformation as a permanent condition of man versus the possibility (and desirability) of peace, order, final harmony and the satisfaction of all rational human wishes.

The second question Berlin constantly raises in these essays is whether we can speak of a single and unified scale of moral values to which all rational agents ought to subscribe. As he puts it in another highly characteristic passage, it has been a major preoccupation of Western thought ever since Plato to defend the claim that

> somewhere in the past or the future, in this world or the next, in the church or the laboratory, in the speculations of the metaphysicians or the findings of the social scientist, or in the uncorrupted heart of the simple good man, there is to be found the final solution of the question of how men should live.

The thinkers Berlin celebrates with the greatest enthusiasm are those who deny this assumption outright. Vico appears again in this context, and is praised for his 'bold relativism'. Montesquieu is similarly commended for his anthropological approach to the classic problems of moral philosophy. Berlin seems to have a special fondness for his *Persian Letters*, with their ironic demonstration that many of the customs of Parisian society would look just as ludicrous to a visiting Persian as the habits of Persian society would appear to a visitor from France. (A lesson which many Western observers of the current Iranian revolution have surely been very slow to take to heart.) But the theorist who is said to have stated the thesis of moral pluralism with the greatest force is Machiavelli, the subject of the longest and most brilliant essay in the book. Machiavelli's most profound insight, according to Berlin, is that the values of Christianity cannot be combined with a stable and vigorous society on earth. His basic assumption is thus that 'entire systems of value may come into collision without the possibility of rational arbitration'. And his disturbing message is that this leaves us with a stark choice: we can either seek to be good Christians or good citizens, but we cannot hope to be both.

As will by now be evident, there is one particular moment in the history of ideas which especially fascinates Isaiah Berlin: the moment of startling originality, the moment when an unquestioned assumption, an undoubted piety, is suddenly overturned. Hence the title of the book: it is those who swim against the current whom Berlin most of all admires. Admittedly he sometimes allows himself to be carried away by his enthusiasm. It is surely going too far to say that Machiavelli 'completely ignores the concepts and categories' of other thinkers in his age. And it seems an overstatement to imply that a 'new conception of historical method' sprang fully-armed from Vico's head. Even on Berlin's own account, Vico's relativism was neither coherent nor complete. At one point we are told that he thought it 'absurd to ask' whether Aeschylus or Homer is 'better or worse' than Shakespeare. But elsewhere we are told that he thought Homer 'the greatest of poets' – a flat contradiction of his relativist stance. Moreover, Vico's contention that earlier cultures need to be appraised entirely on their own terms was surely far from novel by the time he published his *New Science* in 1725. The same principle had already supplied the guiding thread of much Renaissance humanism, as Erwin Panofsky has indicated in the history of art and Donald Kelley in the history of scholarship. However, these occasional exaggerations are a small price to pay for the sustained exhilaration Berlin manages to convey throughout this book. He has a dramatic feeling for the grand moments at which the walls of orthodoxy come tumbling down. And he writes about them with an eloquence that adds to the excitement, piling clause upon clause, antithesis upon antithesis, with a bursting energy that superbly matches his subject.

As well as focusing on these moral and logical pluralists, Berlin is also attracted by a further group of men who have swum against the current: those who have done so less by choice than by necessity – not the rebels and theorists of genius, but rather the exiles, the outsiders, the uprooted. There is a touching essay on the Russian revolutionary Alexander Herzen, who came to London in 1851, wandered from home to home in the suburbs, and poured out his loneliness into his autobiographical masterpiece, ***My Past and Thoughts***. But the best of these more biographical contributions is a comparative essay on Disraeli and Marx, a psychological study which Berlin conducts with rare compassion and insight.

He sees both men – for all their obvious differences – as facing 'a common situation'. Both were Jews; both felt themselves to be members of a despised group; both longed to leave their mark on the society whose contempt they feared. Marx's solution was to reject everything in his heritage as well as his environment. He barely spoke of his origins, and was capable of bitterly anti-semitic remarks. And he turned with loathing against the dominant classes of his time, calling down his celebrated imprecations on the heads of the aristocracy and the bourgeoisie alike. Disraeli took the opposite course. He aspired from the first to be leader of the English Tory party, but he began as an impossible outsider, mocked as the 'Jew d'esprit' and condemned as a cynical adventurer. How did he nevertheless manage to succeed so dazzlingly? By

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emphasising his Jewishness as much as possible. He presented himself as the representative of the oldest and most distinguished race, captivating the Court as well as the aristocracy by insisting that he was by far the greatest aristocrat of them all.

The compelling feature of these discussions is that Berlin offers them not merely as psychological portraits, but as keys to the understanding of Disraeli's and Marx's most cherished beliefs. Disraeli's romantic alliance with the aristocracy against the Benthamites and the Gradgrind manufacturers is seen in part as an outgrowth of his own desperate quest for an acceptable social identity. A similar point is made about Marx's hatred of the bourgeoisie, especially his violent insistence that they have no hope of mitigating the just rage of those they have exploited. Underlying these fulminations, the voice that Berlin hears is 'that of a proud and defiant pariah, not so much of the friend of the proletariat as of a member of a long humiliated race'.

These biographical essays are in many ways the most subtle and penetrating in the book. To say this is not of course to dispraise Sir Isaiah's more abstract studies of systems of thought. They too are filled with inspired and inspiring pages, and their publication cannot be too warmly welcomed. (Nor can Dr Henry Hardy's care and skill in preparing them for the press be too highly praised.) However, it is an added pleasure to reflect that the fourth and final volume of Sir Isaiah's essays – due to be published next year – will be entirely devoted to biographical sketches of men he has personally known. It may well be that the best is yet to come.

Julian Barnes

Eric Partridge 1894-1979

It's hard to imagine a dictionary bringing disgrace to a lexicographer's family; still less, if the work in question is one of the century's great lexicons. But when Eric Partridge brought out the first edition of his magisterial *Dictionary of Slang and Unconventional English* in 1937, his father was greatly displeased: 'He was disgusted that I should write on so low a subject, and told my brothers so.' Perhaps, though, the elder Partridge's reaction was not so odd, and was even clear-sighted: for what his son did with this dictionary, and endorsed with the rest of his life's work spread over 60 years, was to help alter our way of looking at language. Long before the '*aint*' controversy of Webster's Third, Partridge was exercising a subversive, democratising influence on lexicography; and partly thanks to him, dictionaries are no longer seen as prescriptive repositories of 'correct' vocabulary. By cataloguing and celebrating the demotic, Partridge helped – as far as a lexicographer can – to liberate and vivify the language.

Born in New Zealand, Partridge came to Europe with the Australian Army, serving as a private from 1915 to 1919. He was a university lecturer for two years, then worked in publishing, and set up his own imprint, the Scholartis Press. His edition of Grose's *Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue* led Routledge and Kegan Paul to commission a history of slang; he went freelance in 1931, and six years later the famous *DSUE* appeared. Its size, its originality, and its single-handed composition often invite comparison with Johnson's Dictionary; though it is easily forgotten that Johnson, unlike Partridge, had the use of six full-time amanuenses. 'I'm one of those independent cusses,' Partridge once remarked, 'who don't work well with other people.'

Edmund Wilson called him 'the Word King' and testified, in the course of a slightly patrician tribute (which gets the Dictionary's date of publication wrong) that in years of use Partridge had never once let him down; George Steiner praised his 'true originality and acerbic integrity'; Anthony Burgess called him 'a true scholar [and] also a man of the people'. He was, in Cowper's words, one of those tireless

> Philologists who chase
> A panting syllable through time and space,
> Start it at home, and hunt it in the dark,
> To Gaul, to Greece, and into Noah's Ark.

His output was enormous. As well as the

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DSUE, he produced a 900-page lexicon of underworld jargon; dictionaries of etymology, of catch phrases, forces' slang, clichés and Christian names; guides to English usage and to punctuation; books about comic alphabets and shaggy dog stories; a valuable edition of Swift's *Polite Conversation*; the usefully anti-academic *Shakespeare's Bawdy*; fiction and journalism – including pieces for the NS.

As a lexicographer Partridge was energetic, speculative, democratic and humorous, with a daunting range of reference. While working on the *OED Supplement* and searching for the earliest printed use of slang terms, I found it a common experience not to be able to antedate Partridge's earliest example; and even, on rare occasions, the first *OEDS* listing of a term would have to be its mere appearance as a head-work in the *DSUE*: '1937 in Partridge' would be one's opening, crestfallen quotation. His faults as a lexicographer were a tendency to bibliographical scattiness and a misleading habit of fudging the date of origin of a word: a confident 'c1911' as the coinage-point for a word often turned out – repeated experience proved – merely to reflect the date of Partridge's first printed source, minus four or five years which he had arbitrarily deducted.

His collected works remain unfailingly enjoyable to consult. A roaringly explicit catch phrase like *you're so full of shit your eyes are brown* will be followed by an explanation of twinkly-eyed dryness: 'expresses a truly violent dislike.' And the *DSUE* is full of entries with the colour and suggestiveness of short stories:

> **furry tail.** A non-unionist; a 'rat' – whence the synonym. Esp a workman accepting less than 'Society', i.e. trade-union, wages: from ca 1860; ob. Among printers, who, like tailors, have a large s. vocabulary.
>
> **Old Slop.** The Times: London: c1840-50, when that newspaper, having no will of its own, was trying to attract attention. Ex Fr. *salope*, a slut.
>
> **Poor man's piano.** A meal of (dried) beans. On account of the amount of wind in the bowels that it produces. Canadian slang, in use at the time of the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway if not earlier.

Judged by the standards of dictionaries produced by well-funded research teams backed with computers, Partridge's works may be less than perfect; but they have a humanity, an enthusiasm, a quirky inquisitiveness and a readability their rivals lack. Probably the last great single-handed lexicographer in English, he worked dedicatedly at the same desk, K1, in the British Museum, for 40 years. 'I hope to die with my boots on,' he said when he was 80; 'No, not at K1. It would be such a bloody nuisance to them.' He didn't die at K1, but in a Devon nursing home. And he was still *in his boots*: not in *DSUE*'s sense 2 (hanged) or sense 3 (very drunk), but in sense 1 – 'hard at work'. His *Dictionary of Catch Phrases* had come out in 1977, and he was hard at work right up to the end.

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Godfrey Hodgson

Poking Lions

A Dangerous Place by DANIEL PATRICK MOYNIHAN with Suzanne Weaver *Secker & Warburg* £6.95

The junior Senator from New York is an Anglophile and a graduate of the London School of Economics, where, he says, he became 'dismayed by socialism and devoted to socialists'. He has not, alas, always been equally devoted to the NEW STATESMAN. His first appearance in print in England was in a letter written to it in 1958 to protest some opinions of G. D. H. Cole. At the time, he believes, 'The NEW STATESMAN had come close to Stalinism in its attachment to things Soviet and its pervasive antagonism to things American'.

It is a fair guess that a good share of the NS's readers return the compliment. In spite of, or perhaps indeed because of, the fact that he insists that he remains a staunch social democrat, he has come to occupy a prominent niche in the demonology of the Left. And it cannot be said that he tries very hard to disclaim that honour. Yet this is a book that democratic socialists certainly ought to read, as should the disillusioned social democrats who are perhaps closer to the author's own temper and persuasion. For democratic socialists, more than anyone, ought to confront the cynical realities which underlie the numbing rhetoric of international politics, and especially of the relations between the United States, the Soviet Union and the Third World.

The book is in form a combative, even a self-exculpatory, account of Moynihan's brief tenure as the United States's ambassador at the United Nations during the second half of 1975 and the first week of 1976. It deals with the losing battle he waged there against the UN resolution identifying Zionism as a form of racism; with the uproar caused by his calling Idi Amin, in a phrase borrowed from the *New York Times* and which was certainly no more than the truth, a 'racist murderer'; with his unsuccessful call for a general amnesty for political prisoners; and with his brief but spectacular campaign to replace the apologetic tone traditional in United States diplomacy at the UN with a robust counter-attack.

The method was a characteristic Moynihan blend of the shillelagh and the stiletto. For example, when the UN decolonisation committee, made up, as Moynihan puts it, of '16 police states, four democracies and four others', reported that US military forces in the Virgin Islands were a threat to the peace of the region, the US ambassador went to the rostrum and explained that the forces in question consisted of 14 Coast Guards, one shotgun, a pistol, and an 82-foot rescue vessel. Then he added – this was the time when Cuban troops had begun to appear in Africa – that 'there was in truth a neighbouring island that had evidently so denuded itself of its own forces in pursuit of colonialist, imperialist adventurist goals that it might indeed feel threatened by 14 Coast Guardsmen'.

'*Cet animal est très méchant*,' was his policy, '*quand on l'attaque, il se défend*.' The effect at the time was quite as dramatic as what occurred when Albert, in Stanley Holloway's recitation, poked the lion with his stick. Albert's mother, in the poem, decided that somebody's got to be summonsed, 'and that was decided upon'. The result of the uproar at the UN was that it was Moynihan who got summonsed.

The most fascinating thread in the book is the story of how Henry Kissinger, having put Moynihan into the UN job to stick it to the Soviets and their Afro-Asian friends, reacted with jealous intrigue when he saw that the new style was making Moynihan more popular than himself. And perhaps the most intriguing episode is the attack on Moynihan by the British ambassador to the UN, Ivor Richard, which led to Moynihan's first resignation, which he later withdrew. It is revealing that Moynihan did not quote the most palpable hit Richard made in that speech, a deft few lines from King Lear:

> . . . I will do such things –
> What they are, yet I know not; but they shall be
> The terrors of the earth . . .

Moynihan believed at the time that Richard was put up by Kissinger, through Jim Callaghan, to attack him. Now Moynihan maintains that, knowing more 'without understanding the event any better', he accepts Kissinger's assurances that 'he did not set out to undo me'.

But his savage treatment of Kissinger is for me the most unsatisfactory part of the book. On the very first page he quotes one of Kissinger's closest friends as saying, 'Henry does not lie because it is in his interest . . .', leaving the unmistakable inference that he lies by instinct. And yet, again and again he wraps the sword in a cloak of conventional courtesies: 'I admired him and liked him . . . he was a friend . . . He was a good man in a bad time.' This apparently politic unwillingness to attack Kissinger without half-withdrawing his charges contrasts unattractively with what to me is another flaw: the book's sudden outbursts of surprising, apparently disproportionate verbal ferocity. On the Secretary-General of the United Nations, for example: 'Our candidate had been a Jewish socialist, but we settled for a German infantry officer.' Of fellow social democrat Olaf Palme: 'A mouth contorted with the venom within.' Again, a harmless State Department official called Charles W. Mayne is given a violent, undeserved trouncing. Such angry passages, breaking through the general urbanity of the style, remind one of Samuel Johnson, and hint at a similar maelstrom of melancholy and passion under formidable control.

Certainly Moynihan is a pessimist. He believes that the things he cares passionately about, which include the honour and reputation of the United States, freedom, liberal democracy and the paramount importance of nailing a lie, are under attack. But he is a defiant pessimist. He talks about shortening our lines and showing our colours in a world in which bad men are in the ascendant. And he is at his best when he turns from castigating the faint-hearted in his own camp to face the besieging heathen. He describes with satisfaction how Israel's ambassador denounced the Zionism resolution: 'Why pick on a small Jewish state? I suspect because it is Jewish and small.' Moynihan walked across the floor of the committee to Herzog and embraced him. 'Fuck 'em!' he said. Certainly not an ordinary ambassador. And not an ordinary man.

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Andrew Motion

Flogged

Remains of Elmet by TED HUGHES with photographs by Fay Godwin *Faber* £7.95 and £3.95
The Inner Harbour by FLEUR ADCOCK *Oxford* £2.75
The River and the Train by EDWIN BROCK *Secker & Warburg* £3.50

Stillness has often prompted Ted Hughes's most memorably energetic poems. Throughout his early books immobile fish, flesh and fowl are described with such flair that torpitude becomes a kind of activity. Usually, of course, it is the prelude to just that: in 'Hawk Roosting' the bird only sleeps to 'rehearse perfect kills', and in 'Pike' the submarine heroes are continually poised for action. But even in his encounters with dead animals he makes inertia seem vigorous. Although 'View of a Pig' finds him insisting that the oppressive 'poundage of pork and lard' crushes any attempt to imagine its former existence, he cannot quite help contradicting himself. Just as he anticipates the inevitable return of life when it is suspended, so his language restores it when it is over. During the last few years his resuscitations have taken a slightly different form. *Crow*, like *Cave Birds*, intensifies Leonard Baskin's drawings, and his new collection animates Fay Godwin's sombre photographs of the Calder Valley. The stillness of pictures has replaced the stillness of predators as his starting point, but the invigorating turbulence of his response remains constant.

The relationship between poems and photographs in *Remains of Elmet* is not always as intimate as this might imply. Hughes is more often concerned to evoke an equivalent mood than provide a parallel text, and sometimes departs from his originals altogether. A shot of cliffs, trees and low stone houses is accompanied, for instance, by recollections of a cricket match which is played with apocalyptic violence:

> The bowler had flogged himself to a dishclout.
> And the burned batsmen returned, with
> changed faces,
> Like men returned from a long journey,
> Under the long glare walls of evening

This sort of variance does not matter much, since the book's two component parts are capable of standing by themselves. A more serious discrepancy exists between the poems' content and their explanatory note. By introducing the Calder Valley as 'the last ditch of Elmet, the last British Kingdom to fall to the Angles', Hughes raises hopes of a long and precise historical perspective which he seldom provides. The Calder's later role, as 'the cradle for the Industrial Revolution in textiles' receives more detailed attention, though it is not enough to divert him for long from his abiding fascination: landscape and animals. Among several old favourites, stony outcrops, curlews, grouse and sheep all reappear, and during the course of the book they generate a persistent sense of disappointment. No matter how full-bloodedly Hughes reacts to the photographs and his memories, one cannot help feeling that he has done it once too often before. At best, he is still a masterful recreator; at worst he clubs his subjects to life with a weary and self-defeating determination.

In a different way, Fleur Adcock's new collection also returns to familiar territory. Its fourth and final section contains a series of poems which discuss her attitude to New Zealand after a 13-year absence. But these do not cannibalise the past as Hughes is prone to do: their rehearsal of childhood memories more often conveys detachment than nostalgia. While admitting that going back has made her 'for the first time an exile', she knows the appeal of her original home is less compelling than that of her adopted England:

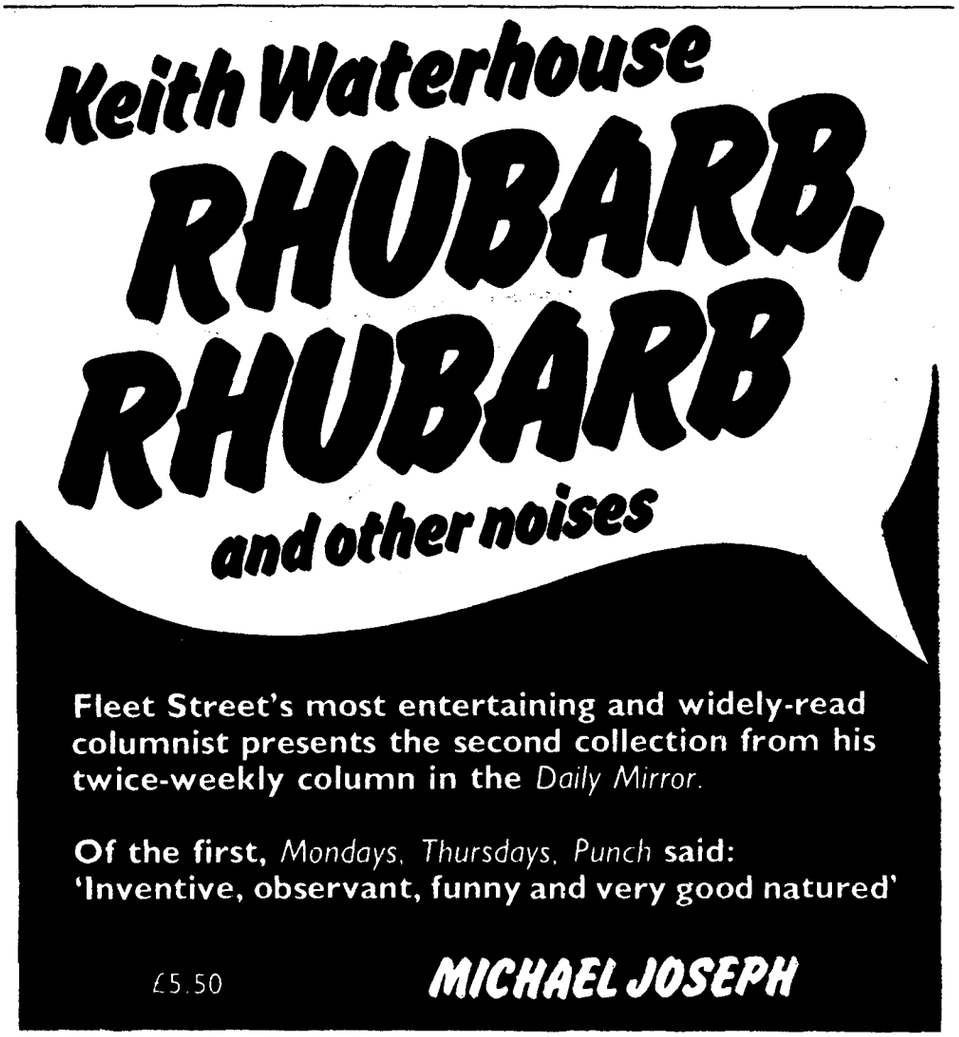
> It's cold, it's foggy,
> the traffic's as abominable as ever,
> and there across the Thames is County Hall,
> that uninspired stone body, floodlit.
> It makes me laugh. In fact, it makes me sing.

Such unillusioned self-knowledge is apparent in all her previous work, and *The Inner Harbour* develops it to a fine art. But this, paradoxically, is the book's weakness as well as its strength. What she calls 'The clogging multiplicity of things' is sometimes too absolutely ordered. It is almost as if she is shy of inexplicable or unruly elements in her own nature and what she sees around her. Poems about dreams and the subconscious, for example, move quickly away from troublesome abstract speculation and seek comfort in the realm of reliable objects. As one might expect, she is well aware of this reductive tendency. The best poem in the collection, 'The Ex-Queen among the Astronomers', departs from her familiar documentary style to discuss the relative merits of sensuous and empirical attitudes to experience. Its passionate heroine and its 'men of science' are both concerned to bring 'the distant briefly close', but she achieves far greater success as a lover than they ever do by staring into 'huge lenses hung aloft to frame/the slow procession of the skies'. The point is not so much that Fleur Adcock feels she should be resigning her rational intelligence, but that she realises its limitations. And when these are most frankly confronted, her poems admit a sense of mystery which allows her to write more inclusively.

Edwin Brock faces a similar problem in *The River and the Train*, but he solves it less often and less convincingly. His poems continually strive to transcend the purely phenomenal world, yet remain uncertain of their goal. He is too easily distracted by details of scenery, and God is too bafflingly remote, for the twain ever to meet with much intimacy. On several occasions he almost persuades himself that he should resolve his dilemma by making a straight choice between lower and higher things. But these moments of decision close so quickly that no step can be taken, and his feelings of inadequacy remain unaltered:

> To be loved, to have been
> loved and still to fail:
> sometimes I know that this
> is the only way through
> but often know only loneliness.

Many of his most successful poems describe this kind of failure, but while the honesty of his doubt is unquestionable, they usually command more sympathy than interest.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Christopher Hitchens

Promised Land

The Palestine Triangle by NICHOLAS BETHELL *Deutsch* £7.95
Underground to Palestine by I. F. STONE *Hutchinson* £5.95

About 30 years ago, Ezer Weizman was sent to London by the Irgun to assassinate a British lieutenant general – and failed to pull off the job. Today, Weizman is Israel's Minister of Defence and widely written up as the leading 'moderate' in dealing with the Arabs. How splendidly we progress. Palestine, an area not much bigger than Wales, is even more of an international cockpit now than it was then. Its profusion of holy places and contested territory ensures that men and women will be content to fight and die over it for years to come; and as early as the 1930s a British Commission of Inquiry had written up the Zionist-Palestinian battle as 'a conflict of two rights'. That perception was a direct contribution to the present impasse.

Lord Bethell's eponymous triangle is the one which ran between the British Mandate, the Palestinian Arabs and the Zionist Jews. He establishes without difficulty that before the end of the first world war the British had made two entirely incompatible promises about independence to both sides, and goes on to show that when the circle could not be squared, and when Palestine no longer mattered as a staging post to Suez and India, the British scuttled and left the issue to the international community. Since we shall all be paying for that policy for a very long time to come, the book is *ipso facto* an important one.

British perfidy in Palestine is a twice- and thrice-told tale. In reworking it, Bethell has drawn upon hitherto unmined papers in the Foreign and Colonial Office archives. It becomes clearer than ever before that the contradictory promises to both peoples were mirrored by opposing factions in the Establishment – those who felt that British interest lay with the Arabs and those who felt that the Balfour declaration was a necessary act of restitution to the Jewish people. Racial prejudices flourished on both sides of this dispute, as is made plain by Churchill's remarks about Arabs and the observations of many officers and diplomats about the Jews. Other nuggets of new detail emerge – Bethell, for instance, has been able to shed fresh light on the King David Hotel bombing, whose perpetrator is now Israel's Prime Minister and co-negotiator of the equally self-contradictory Camp David agreement.

As that rare bird the Tory polymath and polyglot, Lord Bethell also wrote *The Last Secret*, which exposed British *raison d'état* in the forced repatriation of Russian prisoners of war. He is alert, in this volume, to evidence of similar cynicism and double-dealing appeasement. It is somehow satisfying to find Anthony Eden treating Jewish refugees from Hitler as he was later to treat Russian refugees from Stalin. How odd it must be, in the Bethell world view, to find the same man conspiring with Israel to mount an aggression against Egypt only a few years later. Even odder would have been the sight of American Zionists opposing the shipment of refugees from Nazi Europe to the USA, and instead insisting that they head for Palestine. But Bethell does not deal with this episode, or with many others like it, and at times his narrative of the 'ingathering to Israel' reads as breathily as any Leon Uris epic.

All the same, and with these exceptions noticed, he usually gives the evidence for the view he does not take himself. If, as Arthur Koestler once put it, Zionism is the promise by one nation to a second of the country of a third, Bethell will set out some of the elements of that case while making it clear that he disagrees. He is, perhaps, a little too anxious to be fair to the British armed forces in Palestine. Orde Wingate's anti-Arab terror squads, composed of British and Jewish irregulars, rate half a paragraph with the immortal comment from Sir Hugh Foot (now Lord Caradon) that they 'forfeited our general reputation for fair fighting'.

Bethell seems to me to evade the sharp point of the question he frequently raises. Could there really have been a state of Israel without terrorism, fanaticism and even racialism being deployed on a large scale by, of all people, the Jews? Or would the ceaseless exertion of Chaim Weizmann's charm and intellect have done the trick? Of course, anybody who knows about the Holocaust will find it difficult to keep calm when reading about the desperate Jews from Europe who were bullied and interned on their way to what they considered their ancestral home. But massive Zionist settlement of Palestine had been taking place long before Hitler, and the *ex post facto* justification which the Nazis appear to provide, must have seemed even less convincing to the Palestinian Arabs then than it does now. Why should they move over from their homes and farms to assuage the bad conscience of Christian Europe? The less so, now that Israel holds the whole of mandate Palestine, extending well beyond the original UN boundaries.

In general, Bethell is inclined to be more meticulous and sympathetic when he is discussing the Jewish/Zionist dilemma than when reviewing the Palestinian Arab one. Shades and nuances of tactics and opinion are given extensive discussion when they concern, say, the Jewish debate about whether to engage with British soldiers. But the Arabs are, as so often in such accounts, 'the Arabs'; more or less undifferentiated and portrayed as prone to hysterical and superstitious leadership. (Of course, they paid very dearly for tolerating the pro-Nazi Mufti of Jerusalem.) The book is therefore of little help in unravelling the ghastly Middle East conflict of today. What it does show, yet again, is the futility of the Foreign Office view that 'keeping in' with anybody and everybody is a policy in itself.

I. F. Stone is as different from Bethell as it is possible to be. He is a committed Jewish socialist with a long record of activist journalism, and *Underground to Palestine* is a reprint of his daring work as a newspaperman in the area during the original struggle for Israel. Stone received the Haganah medal from the Zionists for his reporting at that time, and his heart is still on his sleeve. Here are the vignettes of the extermination camps, the pirate immigration ships, the makeshift armies and the desperate courage of the refugees. As Stone put it in 1946, full of contempt for the British occupation authorities: 'If those ships are illegal, so was the Boston Tea Party.' The narrative is deliberately emotional, but it is difficult to see how it could have been otherwise, and moments of sentimentality are few.

Still, the gung-ho Zionist reader will find a sting in the tail of the story. Thirty years on, Stone has appended two new chapters, entitled 'The Other Zionism' and 'Confessions of a Jewish Dissident'. In these contributions Stone re-opens the case of the Palestinian Arabs, and goes so far as to compare their plight as stateless refugees to the misery and desecration which afflicted his own people. He shows, in 'The Other Zionism', that there was always a strong group among the Jews which repudiated the fantastic idea that Palestine was 'a land without people for a people without a land'. Men like Judah Magnes, A. D. Gordon and Martin Buber upheld the idea of a bi-national Palestine from the start, and began a train of thought which persists to this day in the writing of Stone, Chomsky and others.

'Confessions of a Jewish Dissident' is an attack upon the smugness and conformism of the American Zionist community, whose political and financial solidarity is part of Israel's lifeblood. Stone criticises them for their shortsightedness and their intolerance towards radical views. Indeed, he reveals that as early as 1946, when his book was the toast of American Jewry, he was asked to cut out the sentences which advocated sharing Palestine with its native Arab inhabitants.

The translation of the Jews from victims to occupiers in one generation is probably the greatest tragic irony of the times. Bethell

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shows how our own government both opposed this cause in the wrong way and then supported it in the wrong way. Stone's book should be read as a celebration of the great Jewish radical tradition from which Israel has departed.

Russell Davies

Front Line

The War, The West and The Wilderness by KEVIN BROWNLOW *Secker & Warburg* £15

A film book as beautiful and sane as this one is a very great rarity. What distinguishes it from the spangled mass of reputation-mongering memoirs is that it is not really about the 'cinema industry' at all. It is about individuals at work, and the resourcefulness, courage and quickness of eye (or, in contrasting cases, trickery, hypocrisy and disregard for truth) they brought to the task of capturing, on silent film, what might be called the world's 'heroic grandeur'.

From the start, the American film-production machine has been notoriously prompt in coming up with its own re-runs of recent history; but Kevin Brownlow's point is that, in silent-era re-creations at least, a good deal of the real thing survived. While actors, fakes and attention-getters occupy the prancing foreground, genuine pioneers, and even the odd real hero, can be glimpsed among the extras; and whole sequences, of negligible interest as 'action', were shot in authentic locations now unrecognisably overstrewn with gas-stations and drive-in burger bars.

The search for films that are tinged with authenticity, as it were, is a fascinating offshoot of Brownlow's enterprise; but his admiration and loyalty are reserved primarily for those persons (they were not all men) who simply went forth and photographed what was there to be seen. In this respect, first world war photography was a strangely pure proceeding. There was little chance of choreographing trench-warfare into photogenic patterns, so the average documentarist just went over the top, armed with standard equipment plus camera and tripod, and got what he could. Nobody's experience was typical, but it was generally a thankless career ('When they gave me my discharge papers,' one extensively singed veteran told Brownlow, 'next to Record of Combat they put "none".') An anecdote about Signal Corps cameraman Rowland V. Lee, a former actor at the Thomas Ince studio, will suffice to sum up the lurid fatefulness of the times:

> After a spell in the hospital Lee went back into action again at Brabant. An officer jumped into Lee's trench, directly onto the bayonet of Lee's rifle. He was severely wounded, and as he was being lifted away in a stretcher, he said, 'Lee, you'll never get out of this. Never, never!'

The officer, whose name was Wilson, was wrong. Both men survived, to meet again in Luxembourg, where, Lee recalls,

> I was heartily greeted by Lieutenant Wilson, who had just been released from the hospital after his bayonet wound. 'Lee,' he said, 'you're going to find this hard to believe. After being stuck I remember saying to you that you'd never get out of it. Then I passed out, was operated on and remained unconscious for some time. When I came out of it I was lying on my back, looking up at the ceiling, and I saw a great big picture of you smiling and laughing. I was sure you'd been killed and that I was dead too. I called out your name and a nurse asked what was the matter. When I told her, she pointed to a motion picture machine which was projecting movies for the wounded on the ceiling. And you, Lee, were in the movie called *They're Off.*'

In passing, Brownlow includes his own account of 'Cinemas at the Front Line' – where, naturally, smiling and laughing was standard fare while the bulk of the propaganda horrors went whirring on at home in the combatant countries.

The Americans, having gone in for some quite heavily pacifist pictures until late in the day, showed much the greatest interest in (and aptitude for) returning, after the Armistice, to the subject of war. The confusion of motives is wonderfully difficult to unravel: belated revenge coexists bizarrely with a compassion that could itself have been mistaken for confused loyalties (e.g. Carl Laemmle, prominent among those who appealed on behalf of the stricken German people, was himself born in Laupheim, south Württemberg)

Amid this rich creative tangle, the mighty fell and the mysterious rose. Archduke Leopold of Austria turned up in Hollywood and became an extra – just one of many officers who found themselves playing out a full-dress version of their national history for the benefit of directors like Erich von Stroheim. Brownlow is the latest researcher to attempt to establish a coherent *curriculum vitae* for this shaven-headed imposter (son of a maker of felt hats, birth recorded at the Jewish Register Office in Vienna, later wounded during the annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina, etc. etc.) Brownlow is also the latest researcher to give up in exasperation-cum-amusement ('History does not record any military action during the annexation in which Stroheim could have been wounded . . .'). Altogether, von Stroheim serves admirably as a symbol of the brisk handover of truth to fiction in the Twenties. A particularly fine and symptomatic photograph shows him attired in vest and white plus fours inspecting his thigh-booted Elite Guard of cavalry officers – most of them genuine Germans, one of them a genuine Hollywood actor, and none of them quite so impressively Prussian as the smooth-skulled Erich.

The story of the early Westerns is still more magnificently complex, with surviving stagecoach-drivers and hoary marshals and many a reformed bandit mixing in with ex-rodeo-stars (how authentic can one rate those?) and self-taught cowboys and visibly pure-blooded but college-educated Indians. As far as I can understand it, Brownlow's version represents a partial rehabilitation of the much-scorned Buffalo Bill, if only on the grounds that he helpfully played himself in pictures, and cast superb Indians (Native Americans) in the superb Indian roles. Less fraught with political dangers are the chapters where the varying degrees of native-ness and horsey-tude of such as Tom Mix and William S. Hart are assessed. (One small linguistic point: when Brownlow refers to 'Broncho' Billy Anderson, is he not perpetuating an Old Western solecism? A bronco-buster, surely, is a man who rides wild horses. A broncho-buster is merely a man with a very bad cough).

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The photos hereabouts are as amazing and delightful as any in the book, and nobody photographs better, with his ignorant grin, than the failed robber Al Jennings (the baggage car blew up all right, but the safe remained uncracked). Having received Roosevelt's pardon, Jennings returned to his former career – as a lawyer, of course – and thence turned to politics and movies. When not appearing in pictures himself, he advised others; if you wanted to know how a train *ought* to be held up, Al Jennings was your man. His career completed its perfect circle in 1950, when Dan Duryea played him in *Al Jennings of Oklahoma*. Doubtless savouring this, he lived on to the age of 98.

If there is a comparative serenity in the 'Wilderness' section of the book, it is not the serenity of repose. Pointing a camera at nature sounds simple, but it depends which bit of nature you want, and whether you can a) get a camera within range of it and b) persuade the camera to work. I would not have thought the technical problems involved in these processes could have been made even half as interesting to the lay reader as Brownlow has made them here.

In addition to this, he has done some exploring on his own account. The section opens with a staggering photograph, which looks as though it had been devised by a committee consisting of Baron Munchausen, Harry Houdini and W. Heath Robinson: a man is seen straddling a narrow gorge over the Grand Canyon, while his brother (suspended by thin rope from a dryish-looking log) dangles about below him with an ancient squeeze-box camera. Heaven knows how, and by whom, and from where, this shot itself was taken – but Brownlow presumably knows, since, on a holiday visit to the Canyon, he discovered one of these brothers, the Kolbs, still presiding over twice-daily lantern lectures in a little old hut on the brink of a gorge. Brownlow deserved such luck. One must be heartily thankful that his enthusiasm and scrupulous fairness have been matched in so many cases by the cooperation (and longevity) of the documentary pioneers. For, looking at photographs of Flaherty's Nanook (who died of starvation two years after appearing in the film that bears his name) or Captain Noel's shots of Mallory and Irvine (Noel used yak-dung to keep the camera warm), one is uplifted by the thought of an era when it was not uncommon to have heroes on both sides of the camera.

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Elissa Durwood

On the Road

Dubin's Lives by BERNARD MALAMUD *Chatto* £5.95
The Autumn Leaves Merchant by PETER DE POLNAY *W. H. Allen* £4.95
The Swan by DONALD HUTLEY *Collins* £4.95

Tom Wolfe has called the 1970s in America the 'Me Decade'. We knew what he meant: the 'Psychological Society' of the East coast, who take as their hero Woody Allen, 20-year veteran of the analyst's couch; Werner Erhard's EST (Erhard Sensitivity Training) with its doctrine of feeling no guilt for the other guy, even if the other guy is your spouse, because you're the only one who counts. It is sad to see this indulgent regard for self taking over the latest novel by Bernard Malamud, *Dubin's Lives*.

William Dubin, 58 years old, lives with his wife Kitty in Center Campobello, New York. A professional biographer (the title refers to Dubin's biographical works and also to the double life he embarks on), Dubin feels cramped and suffocated by Kitty, for not very clear reasons, and estranged from his two grown children. One summer Kitty hires Fanny Bick, a college drop-out, to do part-time house cleaning. Dubin is getting fat, hard up for money, afraid of impotence, and is having trouble with his biography of D. H. Lawrence. Fanny appears to be the inspiration he needs.

This seems strange, though. She knows nothing of Lawrence, or Thoreau (Dubin's last biographical subject), and is at her most expressive in conversation with Dubin when she mutters things like 'Far out' and 'I can dig that'. As the tale becomes one of male, middle-aged fantasy, we are asked to believe that Fanny calls forth from Dubin a true understanding of Lawrence's 'religion of sexuality'. Yet Fanny is a thoroughly vulgar figure, who rages at Dubin when he takes her on holiday to Italy: she spends her time there gorging on huge meals and puking her brains out afterwards. The holiday comes to an unhappy end when Dubin returns one afternoon (Fanny having felt too bored to go looking at churches) and finds her having sex with the gondolier on the floor of the hotel room.

Malamud's story seems to be an attempt to dignify a remark his hero makes early on, 'At my age all young women are desirable.' But in the end, Dubin emerges as simply the horny middle-aged man the statement suggests, who has cruelly alienated his wife, children, and friends. The *rachmones* of Malamud's earlier novels has been replaced by the youth-restoring psycho-babble of our times. 'Honesty is more important that marital fidelity,' Dubin says. In which case, it's too bad he lies repeatedly to Kitty about his affair with Fanny. Malamud has said that 'What has made the Jewish writers conspicuous in American literature is their sensitivity to the value of man'. Perhaps he will take a tip from Joseph Heller's new novel, *Good as Gold*, which, in its essential honesty and brilliant *shtik*, bears out Malamud's statement much more impressively than *Dubin's Lives*.

Peter de Polnay's *The Autumn Leaves Merchant* is another story of a lonely middle-aged man whose life has lost its meaning. Cyril Marvey, a successful London art dealer, attends the funeral of Catherine Purdon, the love of his life who would never marry him. They have not seen each other during the last ten years of her life, but Catherine leaves a letter for Cyril asking him to find her estranged son Gavin, and deliver to him a sentimental death-bed message of love and apologies. Cyril finds Gavin, down and out in Paris, and not the least receptive to Cyril or to any message from his mother. When Gavin's luck finally fails him in Paris, he and his girlfriend, Corinne, go to London and Cyril invites them to live with him. Gavin proves to be a thoroughly bad egg, and Cyril's continuing generosity proves to be dubiously motivated: he has fallen in love with Corinne. Mr De Polnay's simple, clear prose compels the reader to the end, although the apocalyptic resolution renders the journey to self-revelation incomplete.

The Swan, Donald Hutley's funny and original second novel, is reminiscent of Jack Kerouac, with characters like R. S. Hole, Capitalist, and Cassidy, the omni-present detective/philosopher. Alexander Marsden Jones is a mad poet, whose mountainside residence no one can seem to find, except the children who visit him regularly. He works occasionally at the Good-O pie factory owned by his pal, Henry Moorhouse. One day Alexander walks out of his job as a department store Santa and decides to build a boat, the *Swan*, which he will sail from Australia back to his childhood home in Wales; he constructs it from dismantled bits of his house. Things get complicated at the factory when Henry decides to expand into sausage roll production, but by then Alexander is ready to launch the *Swan*. The story is filled with agreeable complications: a paranoid rabbi who believes Alexander is a member of a terrorist organisation, a department store lady who tries to seduce Alexander with her iced cupcakes. Unlike current Australian cinema, this novel suggests a return to the open road of original stories and story-telling. The narrative is as understated and casual as Alexander's lifestyle, adding up to a likeable and gently liberating read.

British Intelligence in the Second World War, by F. H. Hinsley and others, reviewed in last week's NS, is published by HMSO.

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ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Henry Livings

Ringing the Bell

Arriving at Watford in a tour of *Goodnight Vienna*, Arthur Lowe enquired of the manager how he thought the show would go. 'Rather like *Goodnight Watford* might go in Vienna,' replied the manager. The huge shabby halls and desolate dressing rooms of the English provincial touring theatres were going dark in 1977, as Howard & Wyndham and Moss Empires, the principal theatre owners involved, sought to unload them as prime building sites, bingo halls, anything. With exceptions, those with the authority and the money to support these theatres were saying there was 'no product'. Besides which, local councils were not ready to put money into commercial venues: where would be the municipal prestige in presenting Tommy Steele or Ken Dodd? The fact that Richard Condon was doing a bomb at Norwich, and furious that he couldn't get the Hull New to twin it with his own didn't alter the general conviction that major touring theatre was an undernourished, superannuated monster.

My first job in theatre was in twice nightly rep at the Royal in Leicester, and I watched English commercial rep die as the public packed in to see such seminal works as *My Wife's Lodger, Laura* and *King of the Castle.* We made the management a lot of money; I know this because we had a bonus system (called 'Ringing the bell') which paid us more if we attracted more than a certain capacity for the fourteen shows per week. Despite this, on the top landing backstage of that lovely Georgian theatre there was a dustbin into which the rain thundered through the neglected roof.

Even in 1976 the Royal Ballet took over £30,000 per week at the box office of the Manchester Opera House (Howard & Wyndham) and the Prospect Theatre over £20,000; and at the Manchester Palace (Moss Empires) Tommy Steele took over £30,000 in the week.These theatres weren't and aren't open 52 weeks in the year, nor are the overall figures as grand as that: the average was more like £12,000, and this has to include bummers like *Rupert and the Outlaws.* Of this the management would take half, more or less, according to the contract; ordinary running costs of a big place like the Manchester Opera House were £1,800 per week at that time. The appetite for quality products is huge: at the moment I write, the Royal Shakespeare Company's extended season at the Theatre Royal Newcastle (Tyne and Wear owned) is sold out.

If property is theft, most commercial theatre management looks like bungled bookmaking. I remember playing Demon King on a bill with Charlie Drake, Jack Edwardes and Bruce Forsyth, to full houses at the King's Southsea; Charlie and Jack had just done the *Mick and Montmorency* TV children's series for TV, and I recall Charlie pausing in a storm of laughter and muttering, 'I wish I had a piece of all this'. Backstage, the conditions would have affronted a dosser: dust and dirt, jumble sale furniture, bare bulbs, cracked lino. Even if they had no care for the artistes who were earning them the money, a couple of nights' takings would have re-covered the seating front of house.

By 1977, the entertainment unions were embattled. A small North West Committee was formed, Kevin Yoruth for the Musicians' Union, Richard Coleby for Equity, Roy Montrose for NATTKE, myself for Writers' Guild, plus occasional representation from the Association of Broadcasting Staff and ACTT. The Committee meets to discuss mutual problems, and that of the theatre closures was a big one. We initiated approaches to the Arts Council and to local authorities to reopen the Royal Court in Liverpool (dark, and with vital equipment abstracted or ruined: the stage was like a trampoline, most of the lamps were gone, the sound equipment entirely); also to rescue the Manchester Opera House and Palace (both on the market, though not very loudly). Pressure groups were also forming in both cities. 'Friends of . . .', trusts, Clubs; while Sir Harry Livermore, Chairman of Liverpool's City Libraries and Leisure Committee, and Councillor J. Bingham, Chairman of Manchester's Arts and Recreation Committee, were making public their concern at the prospect of the theatres collapsing.

Bear in mind that the Arts Council was already paying £3m in subsidies to touring companies; what we were working towards, although we didn't know it, was a new conception of a chain of big, commercially workable, publicly owned theatres. Jealousies and resentments, however, existed between county and city – one offering, one withdrawing, another dragging its feet; Sir Harry Livermore found at one point that Merseyside had been making its own arrangements with the Arts Council before Liverpool City Council were consulted, and protested loud in the local prints. This seems to be endemic to the local government system we have: I did a tour in Yorkshire which was funded by the Kirklees Metropolitan authority, and the West Yorkshire authority resolutely refused to publicise the show in their own venues: presumably it was none of the County's business if Kirklees wanted to throw their money away.

The miasma over the compost of debate must be about the same in municipal affairs everywhere, so I concentrate on Manchester as an example. By 1978, the Arts Council declared in favour of leaving the Opera House to close, and supporting the Palace: they offered £50,000 towards the purchase price, plus a promise of a possible further £125,000. I know that last bit looks odd. Anyway, to their indignation, Howard & Wyndham saw good government money going to Moss Empires, and a fight for themselves with Manchester theatre buffs and the Planning Committee over change of use. There seems to have been a magic figure of £150,000 as the asking price for these theatres, whatever their size, whether leasehold or freehold, and in whichever town; an offer from a local businessman for the Opera House as a going theatre came in at £95,000 which doesn't seem bad if the place was losing money, but £150,000 was Howard & Wyndham's price. Meanwhile Stanley Baxter's pantomime, backed by Edinburgh City Council, took £75,000 advance money at the Opera House box office. This information was known to everyone, but only the unions took the smallest note of it.

Jack Phipps, touring director for the Arts Council, reinforced his argument that the Palace was favourite by reporting that the Royal Ballet, the Royal Opera, and the ENO said none of their current productions would fit the Opera House, and further that the NT, the RSC and the Festival Ballet would also have problems on that stage with some productions. A 40-foot proscenium opening was minimum, he opined, and when you opine with money, your Recreation and Arts Committee must listen. The fact that his opinions were founded on water and that it's our money he's holding is not relevant here; he's holding it, it is in his gift. What's more, he says, the dressing rooms, the orchestra pit and the 'get-in' at the Opera House are also inadequate.

This technologial sledgehammer astounded the unions, whose members had been humping scenery off a main throughfare into the Palace, while managing comfortably at the Opera House from a side-street; they knew that the English National Opera North had just been established at the Leeds Grand, with Arts Council money, where the proscenium arch is 31 feet 6 ins. wide. The dressing-rooms of both were conceded to be inadequate, but that is too kind a word to describe the dressing-rooms at most theatres. We also wondered what grandiose production the RSC were leaving out at Newcastle (proscenium opening 29ft. 6ins.). The quoted companies are (a) in business to tour at least some of their time, as national companies, and if you tour you make your sets to fit the venues, not vice versa; and (b) long accustomed to play the Opera House anyway. The Opera House, we also knew, could accommodate 110 musicians, in a sunken pit, whereas the Palace has room for 20, in one of those beautiful brass corrales with plush curtains.

Astounded as the unions were, we found no reasons for wishing the Palace closed – for its job as a variety and light entertainment theatre it's a charmer; we just wondered if Mr Phipps had examined the Opera House on a rainy day. The directors of Howard & Wyndham had been pilloried in *Private Eye* for asset-stripping activities in their pulp publishing side. Maybe that put Mr Phipps off, but here was an asset it seemed almost public-spirited to strip. When he went so far as to tell Glyndebourne Opera they couldn't play Manchester until the Palace had been extensively re-jigged for them, both the unions and Howard & Wyndham not surprisingly felt got-at.

Howard & Wyndham were trebly got-at, as their richest alternative was the interest Mecca were showing in the Opera House (not as a No. 1 touring theatre, you understand). The way things were going, they were going to get no subsidised theatre money, no commercial theatre money, and no real estate money (the City hadn't approved change of use – a cruel

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touch when they also refused to be part of buying).

Still, we punters mustn't complain: when all's done we shall have a glittering chain of Arts Council-backed No.1 touring theatres, refurbished and maintained in several cases by local government money. If, as we've seen in the past on TV, opportunity produces the talent to fill it, then we're in for a revival of the big show at the Palace Manchester (ex-Moss Empires), the Empire at Liverpool (Moss Empires), Sunderland (Council), the Hippodromes at Birmingham and Bristol (Moss Empires) and the Gaumont Southampton (Rank Leisure Services). With other cities already doing fine, like Nottingham and Newcastle, this could mean the end of the clapped-out image of the provincial touring theatre.

Theatre – 2

Benedict Nightingale

The Overcoat

The White Guard by MIKHAIL BULGAKOV *Aldwych*
Can You Hear Me at the Back? by BRIAN CLARK *Piccadilly*
Portrait of Dora by HELENE CIXOUS *New End*
The Eagle Has Two Heads by JEAN COCTEAU *Chichester*

It's a bit discomforting to find oneself on the same side as Stalin, if only in a matter of literary judgment; but he was surely right to override those of his lackeys who found *The White Guard,* or *Days of the Turbins* as it was then known, too ideologically suspect for safe performance. To him, as to many of us nowadays, there seemed no possible profit in pulverising straw men, paper tigers, and other such figments of communist romance. 'The play shows an intelligent and powerful enemy,' wrote old walrus moustache. 'That is good. We must show the enemy as it is.' After all, its submission would then imply that 'nothing can be done against the all-powerful might of Bolshevism'. By the time the play's sets were bombed to bits in Minsk in 1941, the Moscow Arts Theatre had performed it 900 times, on no less than 15 of which the great dictator's haunches were wedged somewhere in box or stalls.

Certainly, Bulgakov did no more to blacken his Whites than Chekhov to ridicule his nob class in *The Cherry Orchard.* The Turbins and their friends, loyal Tsarists in the unruly Kiev of 1918–19, are like Ranyevskaya and Gayev, primarily the victims of their own nostalgic myopia. They are also, most of them, principled, attractive people. While their leaders and their German paymasters are busy escaping abroad, they remain to defend their country against the insurgent Ukrainian nationalists, and do so with courage and self-denial. Alexei Turbin sacrifices his own life after painstakingly saving those of the cadets under his command. His younger brother, Nikolai, is horribly crippled, but manages to crawl back to what is, by any standards, a very civilised, hospitable home. The fingers of some of the post-revolutionary spectators at the Moscow Arts must have instinctively stretched out for their vodkas as these engaging reactionaries proposed yet another toast to the king across the water. Certainly, Barry Kyle's warm, genial production had much that effect on those of us at the Aldwych last week.

If anything, Bulgakov can be accused of a somewhat uncritical affection for his Turbins. Just occasionally, the family chronicle tilts rather further towards family soap-opera than a Chekhov or a Gorki would have allowed. But mostly it is good, cool stuff, and nowhere more so than when it extends its scope to embrace a rebel camp at the city gates, or the school hall in which the surviving Whites are skulking, or the headquarters of the Germans' puppet-in-office, the Hetman of All the Ukraine. There's a nice scene in which this gentleman, watched by an astonished Turbinite, spouts self-important orders from beneath the bandages that are being plastered across his face so that he may be anonymously smuggled to safety under the noses of those doomed to rely upon him. There's another, considerably less comic but (I understand) historically no less justified, in which a band of nationalist predators torture and shoot dead a passing Jew. Bulgakov himself claimed to have lived through no less than ten violent changes of government in Kiev, and at its best his play conveys the feel of those hectic, muddled, fearful times. It even tells you the correct dress for a civil war: 'a politically neutral overcoat'.

It would, of course, be wrong to suggest that the piece is altogether free from Stalinist spoliation, visible and invisible. By the time Joe himself first saw it, his censors had already obliged Bulgakov to revise the last scenes in order to celebrate the arrival in Kiev of the conquering Bolsheviks. Alexei is made to proclaim that the 'white cause is finished everywhere' in defiance of history, which was bloody-minded enough to bring the Tsarists back to power, albeit briefly, at the end of 1919; and the feistiest of his lieutenants improbably announces that he's so sick of the Hetman, the general staff and the whole 'seedy pack of swindlers and profiteers', that he'll actually offer his services to the Reds. Yet the play's last line still goes to an unregenerate Polish officer with a monocle, and it voices all the impotent outrage of his class and cast. If *The White Guard* isn't quite the pristine vessel that Bulgakov teased and prodded into life on his dramatist's wheel, it retains a high degree of artistic, as opposed to ideological, integrity; and Patrick Stewart, Michael Pennington, Richard Griffiths and the rest of a remarkably consistent cast perform it with due deference, not to system or theory, but to the blotches and smudges of a recognisable reality. It is as invigorating an evening as the RSC has given us for some time.

Apart from Arnold Wesker's *Their Very Own and Golden City,* which in any case was really a study of sold-out socialism, our playwrights have inexplicably neglected what one might call the Luftwaffe within: that conspiracy of planners which has reduced so many of our cities to pumice and our people to living dead. On the face of it, then, Brian Clark's *Can You Hear Me?* merits the warmest of welcomes, because it involves an apostate new-town architect and is actually being performed right beside that impending atrocity, the reconstruction of Piccadilly Circus. The trouble is that a potentially original play on public themes has been conscientiously whittled into a hack one on that most private of subjects, the eternal triangle. When Peter Barkworth's turkey-cock protagonist is gobbling and spluttering away about 'people-filing cabinets', architecture as 'the art of spoiling fields', and the iniquity of 'playing Toytown with other people's lives', the evening is absorbing and amusing. But the character is supposed to suffer from a parallel disenchantment with his domestic lot; and when Hannah Gordon's wife comes onstage to expostulate with him, Michael Maloney's son to lob Marxist platitudes at him, and Stephanie Beacham's would-be mistress to rip off her dress for his benefit – well, then the play collapses into cliché and tedium. The people have neither substance nor charm; the action none of the tension that made Mr. Clark's *Whose Life Is It Anway?* a *succès fou*; and much of the dialogue only an awful vacuity, like yawns punctuated by hiccoughs.

Briefly, *Dora* is a Freudian case-study, that's to say a study of the great shrink himself as well as of one of his sexually harassed victims; but it is written and performed in too solemn and soporific a style to make the jump into drama. Cocteau's *Eagle* involves a queen's love for her assassin and his for her, and may be summed up as high romantic tosh, though given a certain class by its author's fascination with fate and death. After the austerities of 1939–45, its wordy extravagances must have refreshed Paris as much as those of Christopher Fry did London, especially when they were mouthed by Edwige Feuillère. Alas, times, tastes and actesses are drier now; and not even Jill Bennett's canny talents can disguise the fact that the capital of her Ruritania is the stage of the Festival Theatre, Chichester.

Sport

Russell Davies

Raking the Ashes

With our traditional snarl of friendship, we welcome a new publication on to the bookstands this month: *Wisden Cricket Monthly*, edited by David Frith, 52pp, price 50p. A 12-issue subscription will cost you a steepish £7.25 – quite precipitous when you consider that the complete Wisden digest itself, in its doughty hardback edition, is available at £5.75. However, this infant *mensuel* shows a pleasing independence from the parent publication. Mr John Arlott has been charged with the task of reviewing Wisden proper, and I am glad to say he cannot in this instance be accused of looking at the world through rosé-coloured glasses. The style may slip occasionally into Old Armchair (I see that Macdonald and Jane's, the publishers, have 'several cricketing strings to their bow' – that'll be their cricketing bow, I imagine), but Arlott rouses himself to put the hush-puppy in with some vigour:

> . . . the allocation of the 1,155 pages has no justifiable basis in history or logic. Full scores

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are given of first-class matches in Australia, but those in West Indies, India, Pakistan, New Zealand and South Africa are simply 'potted'. That decision can hardly be justified in face of such allocations as 60 pages to the public schools game; eight WSC (not ranked as first-class); 28 to Oxford and Cambridge Universities; four to Irish and Scottish cricket . . .

and so on. Mr Arlott recommends 'intelligent cutting', but does not suggest where the pinking shears might most usefully go in. For my part, I should think the omission of 60 pages of public school cricket could do nothing but good, both to readers of Wisden and to the already overstuffed egos of public schoolboys.

There is, incidentally, no chance that Mr Arlott's name will fade from the public eye while *Wisden Cricket Monthly* is about. Inside the front cover, his reproachful station-sergeant face can be seen recommending a particularly bilious series of 'humorous' cricket prints (put out originally by the Perrier mineral-water company, appropriately enough). Further on, he has his own article on the possibilities of post-Packerism; one of several snippety 'News Registers' dotted confusingly around the mag reminds us that he was voted Wine Writer of the Year for 1978; and his *Book of Cricketers* is advertised both by its publisher and by individual booksellers, and then reviewed into the bargain ('Mr Arlott's vignettes of 25 cricketers from Hobbs to Viv Richards have been published before . . .'). Mr Arlott is more than a *bon viveur*: he is a sort of *idéogramme humain*, symbolising a) cricket and b) low-velocity gregariousness. If you hired him to stand (preferably sit) in a ploughed field, it would eventually come to be seen as a cricket pitch. Sooner or later, men would turn up with planks and start building a pavilion. Slowly. In its way, this is all a remarkable achievement: to be a one-man atmosphere. And an atmosphere, I suppose, can't be blamed for spreading itself thin.

The rest of the *Monthly* is ragged as yet. 'Names' have been hired to write, and write they do; but the kind of questions they raise ('Will Brearley quit while ahead?' – Ted Dexter) do not urgently require an answer. It is quite fun to read between the lines of David Gower's piece on the mood of the Australian tour, for one gathers that one's more scandalous fantasies were probably not far off the mark ('The Botham water-pistol was seen to cause light amusement to those select few in the know as various senior officials began scanning the ceiling for signs of a leak'); and reading Jim Laker's 'Ashes Review', I wished that he could bring himself to be equally blunt as a commentator ('Brearley, who again led the side superbly both on and off the field, remained an embarrassment as a batsman'). The illustrations are of very variable quality, the colour ones being over-bold (unless Aussie grass is as blue as the Kentucky variety); so the real virtues of the paper so far seem to reside, as is the case with Wisden Major, in its snippety bits, those small items one can so easily overlook in a Fleet Street sports page. Some of these are more significant than at first they look ('Cornhill Insurance have announced that 2000 cricket clubs have now taken out cover with them').

In fairness I must say that this first issue appears at a very awkward moment. The *Monthly* must have gone to press very shortly after the Packer TV decision, which has brought us, oddly enough, to the most perplexing moment so far in the recent tortured history of international cricket. We are all aware that internationals are now under way here, but few of us are now quite sure what each team represents, under whose authority, and by whose rules of selection. If the games themselves are not obviously good, we are in for an extra-depressing summer.

Films

John Coleman

Static

The Left-Handed Woman (A) *Camden Plaza*
The Muppet Movie (U) *Leicester Square Theatre*
Painters Painting *ICA*

The Austrian-born novelist, playwright and poet, Peter Handke, long resident in Germany and now living in a Parisian suburb, has scripted two films for that *petit-maître* of dislocation, of the concussed sensibility, Wim Wenders: *The Goalkeeper's Fear of the Penalty* and *Wrong Movement*. Given this knowledge – plus the facts that Wenders was associated with its production and several of Wenders's regular crew with its creation – the teasing procedures of Handke's first shot at both writing and directing, *The Left-Handed Woman,* fall into some sort of perspective. The basic situation is that of a German family, living in a Parisian suburb, split up when the woman – after an unspecified 'illumination' – asks the husband to move out; but, as to what follows, audiences would do well to discard their normal expectations (of motives, coherence, a sequential narrative flow) in the Plaza's foyer. Films like this are either the critic's bugbear or delight, so deliberately full of holes as to defy brief description while positively inviting a coruscating display of exegetical ingenuity: they belong to what one has previously dubbed the Join-the-Dots school. And those in favour will argue (rather as they would for the 'minimal' *Jeanne Dielman*) that the outcome is a gain for honesty, even depth, over more traditional fictions.

The Woman (Edith Clever, quietly glowing in Rohmer's *Die Marquise von O)* might be a text-book illustration of catatonia. During the first two months of separation which constitute the film, she rarely speaks, goes for aimless walks, works spasmodically at a translation of Flaubert's *Un Coeur Simple,* mostly abandons her young son Stefan to an owlish chum. Her idea of a treat is to take the boys to an early Ozu picture (in the *suburbs*?), when she drops asleep. 'I'm sad, too. You're not the only one,' protests Stefan elsewhere. Bruno (Bruno Ganz), when sighted, behaves with like inconsequence. At one encounter, he calls her 'a mystic' and slaps her; later, he talks of 'you women and your infernal reason'. She, on a rare happy whim, buys him white shoes: he walks them through a puddle. Bruno is apparently shacked up with a friend of The Woman's, one Fanziska who teaches Stefan at a local German School. The Woman's father comes for a short stay, darning daughter's woollie, regretting his life took a wrong turning. Stations, platforms, trains, railway lines provide a steady background. The images are studiedly composed by Robby Müller from a restricted palette, 'after' Andrew Wyeth: a long way after, one reflects. Michel Lonsdale as a waiter, Gérard Depardieu in a KEEP OUT T-shirt, Rüdiger Vogler as an unemployed actor, make cryptic appearances.

That *conte* of Flaubert's, the blown-up photo of Ozu (whom Handke admires) on the sitting-room wall, the handshake between The Actor and The Woman stymied by 'cold-weather static', Stefan's distancing walkie-talkie, all these items seem to cry – in their stressed isolation – for interpretation; but are probably just there, like 'life'. And, or course, the effect of such randomness is to render the viewer unnaturally grateful for little scraps of genuine observation. 'You rehearsed your speech,' accuses The Woman, for once almost animated, and Bruno smiles a shy yes, a kid caught out; insomniac one night, the mother curls up on the floor beside Stefan's bed; after a pavement spat, Bruno hands her some carbon paper, for the Flaubert. And one might allow Bruno the last words, Herr Handke: 'Sometimes I think you're just experimenting, putting me through a test.' If only one knew the questions. . .

The Muppet Movie, a bold transference of those TV weirdoes to the big screen, is fine in parts, mainly the first, where the dialogue has crackle. Kermit is discovered in a swamp, singing the soulful 'Rainbow Connection' to his own banjo before setting off for Hollywood and fame. En route, he gets a lift from Fozzie Bear in a Studebaker ('My uncle left it to me' – 'Oh, is he dead?' – 'No, hibernating'); accumulates acquaintances: Miss Piggy, the Great Gonzo, a manic group known as the Electric Mayhem; and falls foul of Doc Hopper of Fried Frogs Legs Foods. Kermit's green felt mouth puckers gulpily: 'All I can see is millions of frogs on tiny crutches.' Miss Piggy is kidnapped by Doc's minions and Kermit finds himself at the zany mercy of Mel Brooks as a Nazi brain-tinkerer who pops him under an 'electric yamulka' before the porcine blonde gets mad and wrecks the joint. Bob Hope, James Coburn, Elliott Gould, Orson Welles and others have spots minute enough to be near-fraudulent, but Brooks has a ball and Milton Berle a nice moment. Elsewhere, it's the puppets all the way, with spoofs of Lelouchery and the *High Noon* showdown, a dire tailing off in Hollywood, and Fozzie providing the biggest laugh. After a stirring rendering of 'America, America', that sprawling mouth stretches even further to enunciate, 'Pride swells in the heart of the American bear'. Well it might.

Emile de Antonio's *Painters Painting* (1972) is a thoroughly entertaining, now and then instructive two-hour personal documentary on New York artists from around 1940 to 1970, not so much painting as talking about coming to terms with European abstraction. De Kooning is great value, Rauschenberg cool, and the gentleman who pontificates about 'pouring . . . and muscle', as well as getting used to the slant of the floor in which his massive canvas lies, a giggle a minute. Same venue – try to catch De Antonio's *Millhouse – A White Comedy* (17 June), if only as an antidote to Jeanne and Alan Abel's puerile *The Faking of the President,* currently being plugged as something. The Third International Avant-Garde Festival, or 33 films a day, opens at the NFT on 9 June. You have been warned.

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Television

Julian Barnes

Roughing It

During Raymond Burr's heyday as a Saturday-night confession-tweaker, real-life American villains, having been read their rights and asked if they wanted a lawyer, would frequently demand the services of Perry Mason; when informed of his unavailability, they would complain of a further interference with their constitutional rights. It's a little early to say, after only one-and-a-bit series, but *Rumpole of the Bailey* (Thames) may yet assume similar status in the popular mind. Only last week an Old Bailey defence counsel in a little stolen-milk-crates number described his brief as 'the sort of case that Rumpole of the Bailey would have adored . . . the matter is absolutely absurd'. The jury naturally acquitted; indeed, it's hard to see how any jury can possibly convict in a 'Rumpole case' from now on. They just wouldn't be able to go home and look the set squarely in the eye.

Rumpled Leo McKern has rumbled back for a welcome second spell of forensic victory and domestic defeat; meanwhile his creator, John Mortimer (coincidentally also an unskinny barrister who refuses to prosecute) was being asked on *Russell Harty* (LWT) 'Is Rumpole you?' – to which he replied cagily, 'Little bits of me . . . He does say the things I think.' Sterner stuff followed, though, including one of the Lip's more ego-bending question-statements: 'You're a sort of Leonardo, aren't you, a sort of Renaissance guy?' Mr Mortimer wisely didn't go in to the box on this one.

Except for this specimen of super-grovel, Harty ended his series on a high note, pairing Mortimer with Diane Thomas, a crisply smiling, hard-sell American outdoorswoman. She demonstrated with jolly unawareness how Americans, having made camping and trecking a great deal easier by means of various clever inventions, are now bent – out of misplaced puritanism or romantic historicism – on trying to make it hard for themselves all over again. Ms Thomas showed how to make a miniature camping stove out of a tuna-fish can, a length of corrugated cardboard and a lump of wax; to light it, she connected a skein of steel wool to a couple of pocket batteries. The British groundsheet brigade in the audience, who brew up unreflectingly on their Gaz primuses, watched the display with sour disbelief; they reacted like a group of pygmies being instructed by a second wave of missionaries to throw away their coveted transistor radios and try bashing these nice hide drums instead. Harty played up to Ms Thomas with a winning urban cack-handedness. As he mastered the tin-snipping shears she burbled, 'You're quite a camper!' Harty, wryly: 'Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings . . .'

Once one had got over Reyner Banham's unsettling resemblance to a three-minute villain from *The Good, the Bad and the Ugly*, his *World About Us* film on the Mojave Desert (BBC-2) proved adhesively watchable. Admittedly, even that lowest common denominator of films about America – the opening grainy shot of a Clapham-Junction-style highway intersection, with a soundtrack of road music and local-radio ads – triggers a hopeless cisatlantic nostalgia in this viewer. But as Banham left the straight and narrow of the LA-to-Las Vegas interstate (the CB radio acrackle with the plaints and vaunts of returning gamblers), so his film left the routine pleasures of travelogue and homed in on some less expected strata of life. The Desert is a palimpsest of Indian trails, mule routes, dead railroads and live highways; its landscape stars joshua trees, soda lakes, petroglyphs and wild burros. At one end of the Desert they mine 99.9 per cent pure europium (which gives us the red in our colour television); at the other, plant rustlers run off hundreds of tons of yucca every year to make shampoo and root beer.

But the quaintest items Banham uncovered were the human fauna: Lewis Hogan, 'the Nipton troll', master of a suite of three culverts underneath the highway, who talked for two minutes like the sensible ecology student he claimed to be, before lapsing into a third minute of coot-craziness; a delightfully pedantic desert garagiste – 'heating problems will cause an awful lot of ailments for an automobile'; two military-history buffs roughing it easy by a creek ('What's for dinner, Bill?' 'Bobcat'); a desert ranger reporting (and polaroiding) 'resource vandalism'. My favourite was the solitary, gnarled inhabitant of an abandoned health farm called Zzyxx (it doubtless attracted a lot of sick Scrabble-addicts). The former owner – before he was busted by the authorities – had also apparently pursued philanthropic ventures; or, us Banham put it more bluntly to the toothless eremite, 'He reclaimed social derelicts, didn't he?' The old-timer sighed, smiled, and gave a B-movie nod-and-twitch: 'He did – in fact, I was one of the ones he reclaimed.' It's not just the desert hereabouts which keeps on stubbornly reverting to nature.

Jazz

Charles Fox

Too Simple

Art Pepper *St Paul's Church, Hammersmith*
Stan Getz *Ronnie Scott's*
Art Pepper: 'The Trip' *Contemporary*
Stan Getz: 'Another World' *CBS* (2 LPs)

Perfection has never been what art is about. What dazzles may bemuse, mellifluousness can make the listener drowsy. That's why Yeats believed in adding a little roughage, deliberately breaking up the smoothness of his honeyed lines. Jazz musicians – those with claims to being virtuosi, anyway – are also aware of the perils of seeming flawless. Art Pepper and Stan Getz, for example, are two saxophonists who early in their careers cultivated a purity of tone and a way of constructing seamless solos, unscarred, incapable of appearing flurried. Both achieved early success; both suffered – Getz only briefly, Pepper much more seriously – from the hazards of living the jazz life in the decades immediately after the war. Both men are now in their fifties, wiser, more benign, playing music that shows signs of having been lived as well as pondered.

Pepper visited Britain in wartime, as a military policeman with the US Army. He did not return until three weeks ago, for a concert in London as part of the Hammersmith & Fulham Jazz Festival. Most British jazz aficionados had abandoned hope of ever hearing him in the flesh. Over the years he had recorded a succession of brilliant LPs, but in between had come news of arrests and imprisonment, of cures and relapses. Happily, Pepper's drug problems appear to have been sorted out at last. And the reception he got at St Paul's Church must have helped to strengthen his new-found confidence.

For Art Pepper is, quite simply, one of the great jazz saxophonists. Even in surroundings where the acoustics would, and did, cripple less resourceful performers he established his authority, imposing his own scale upon the proceedings. His timing remained uncannily precise. This was underlined by the choice of a couple of Thelonious Monk's tunes, where Pepper's personal accenting, his feeling for a phrase, seemed very much at home with Monk's lurching rhythms. Nowadays, his tone is more passionate than pure, capable of the kind of emotional equivocation you get in *cante hondo* (a perfect example of this occurs in the title-track of Pepper's LP, which has him backed by a rhythm section that includes Elvin Jones on drums). At one point Pepper defied the acoustics with a breakneck 'Straight Life'. But what really stay in the memory are the slow ballads – 'Ophelia', 'Patricia' – where a single curdled note would suddenly send a frisson up the spine.

Stan Getz, too, can create a snug melodic world, his vibrato warm, cooing like a turtle dove; then suddenly destroy it – Yeats's tactic once again – by a single hectoring phrase, jolting the listener, keeping things taut. There is no nave – and no echo – in Ronnie Scott's Club, but there are the occasional chatterers, capable, if not hissed at, of taking the edge off such sensitive performances as Getz's solos on Billy Strayhorn's 'Lush Life' (has anyone ever written a better pop song?) or Toots Camarat's 'No More'. (Gone are the days when, scarcely hiding his boredom, Getz felt he had to slot in 'Desa finado'.) At St Paul's Church, Pepper was backed by a trio of British Musicians (Peter Ind's bass solos were outstanding) but at Scott's Club – he's there until the end of this week – Getz leads an all-American group, similar to that on his album, *Another World*.

At one time in the 1940s, although they never overlapped, both Getz and Pepper worked in Stan Kenton's Orchestra, a bombastic setting for their particular talents. Getz has recalled mentioning Lester Young's playing to Kenton and getting the terse reply: 'Too simple'. In fact, that very simplicity – a delicious balancing of harmony and melody – was exactly what appealed not only to Getz, a tenor saxophonist himself, but also to Art Pepper, who, unlike most other alto players of his generation, contrived to avoid imitating Charlie Parker. Indeed, Lester Young's laconic, deceptively lackadaisical manner became something to be adapted, built upon, and eventually transformed into these very different yet equally wise and passionate ways of making jazz.

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Eric Korn

All's Fair

Waking in the bleary ten o'clock dawn in some rattily luxurious hotel or plainly ratty lodging, peering through the window to determine where, which cathedral, abbey, or minster chime has broken through sleep like a boot through a rotten log; dress – if undressed – hastily, proceed through the too-late-for-breakfast room, dodging tiny landmines of apricot marmalade and colleagues who have been up and sprightly chaffering rare tomes since sparrow-hiccough, off to whatever Pump Room, Guildhall, Polyhedron, or Corn Exchange constitutes today's venue – the Book Fair Boys, new wandering scholars, are coming to town, some in tags and some in rags and one at least in a lightweight alpaca number selected for the First Annual Key West Antiquarian Literary Jamboree and Bibliathon.

The book fair Movement – defying the trend of the times, which would have us sitting in offices trading Rackham futures by telex, spot Aldines off an eighth on the news of a campus riot – began about 20 years ago. Actually it started about 1475 in Strasbourg, all those printer-booksellers flogging incunabula without realising (it makes you want to spit), but the current rush began when the Antiquarian Booksellers' Association set up a few bargain-haunted stalls in Albemarle Street, soon moving smartly up-market to the Europa Hotel in Grosvenor Square. Sister organisations found similar niches in Geneva, Amsterdam, New York.

It's less than ten years since the Provincial Booksellers Fairs Association, rough and ready fellows in tweed jackets with elbow patches, finding trade slowish in Wessex or Westmorland, opened a monthly showcase in London (now at the Imperial Hotel in Bloomsbury and not restricted to country cousins) and also began a round of cities in England, Scotland and Wales, cities mostly cathedral but including Ilkley, Truro and Solihull. (Bleak, book-hating Birmingham has now been axed.) Other groups, more or less ad hoc, run other fairs. A specialist science and medicine fair is planned for the autumn by the specialist s-and-m lads: in the States, organising fairs is a cottage industry from San Antonio to Gaithersburg, Md.

There is a range of economic options. You can slide smoothly into a Zurich ballroom, bringing your goodies by plane and limousine, where liveried lackeys array them on velvet in subtly-lighted cases and you need to find a couple of thousand pounds for rent and freight and customs brokerage and the odd snack at the Auberge du Gros Ventre au Lac. Or you can shuffle up to Loughborough Drill Hall with your own shelves in the back of the van, sleep in the car park and need to find about 35 quid out of profits for stall, rent, petrol and curry. (But don't jump to conclusions: poverty and ambition may go hand-in-hand, and books be offered from a warped trestle-table at prices to startle the most acquisitive Acquisitions Department; conversely, a grand dealer, less hunger-driven, may loftily offer bargains – one at least I know always slips in a few freebies. 'Please let me know if it's worth my coming, for I realize booksellers always mark up their prices for fairs,' wrote a customer I have no wish to know better.)

It's a new way of trading when the old is threatened: rents squeezing out the traditional bookshop (five ricketty storeys of rotting hymnbooks and hindoostanee grammars, with nuggets of gold for those miners prepared to hump a lot of slag) and postage rates making mail-order a more serious business. Fairs help many booksellers survive, and increase choice for the customer.

Ah, the customer! We like to think we are bringing light in dark places (I had this sense strongly in Loughborough Drill Hall). At first they greeted us with flowers and hugs, like liberators: comes the Sixth Annual Hartlepool Bibliophile Bonanza, and no-one notices our

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arrival but traffic wardens. The doors open and in seethes The Trade with its myriad hungers, who would still turn up if all fairs were held in a disused gasometer in Acton, an idea often mooted. After them the obsessionals, sprinting from stall to stall crying 'What have you got on East Anglian Inn-Signs?' Or Zeppelins. Do not answer, they are only boasting. Once, asked for anything on South-West Hertfordshire, I offered a history of Rickmansworth. 'My interests don't quite extend as far to the south-west as that,' he sneered. After them, at a circumspect, philosophical pace, the reader-collectors, the scholar-collectors. Whom God Preserve. Later come the earnest inquirers, interested in 17th-century volumes of sermons; well, not actually interested, only we've got this book at home and we wondered what it was worth. They come with little treasures in brown-paper parcels (there's a line of patter that goes, 'Thank you for showing it to me, it's most interesting and while of course it has no *commercial* value . . .'), or bigger treasures promised. There's the man in Toronto who is just coming back with an Edinburgh incunable, another with a Kansas storm-cellar full of Adam Smith. If you're out there, I'm still waiting.

On the second day nobody comes, and it's time to worry the opposition. Select book at random, turn to page 153, hold to light; then return to shelf shaking head ruefully. Phrases like 'rotten luck about your *Hypnerotomachia*' have been known to chip away a dealer's confidence. 'No, you're absolutely right, Bewicks are underpriced. No point letting it go for a quick sale. Stick to your guns and bugger the lot of them.' Try this on an apprentice dealer and he may sidle up to you later.

On bad days, packing up your rejected wares, you wonder why you do it. Some want to buy or sell. Some come for the liquor. Others, I'm given to understand, for the opportunities for sexual malfeasance that are held to exist. But there in the midst are the boys who will never be old: cash down for the Library of the Pudsey Athenaeum, rotting leather and conspicuous library stamps, get rid of most of it next day at the Assembly Rooms, Harrogate, and stock up to fill an airline maximum-allowance flight bag with Americana. They haven't been home in years, for ever in search of that ultimate Book Fair where rich and discriminating collectors buy indiscriminately. In Bloomsbury, they think it's in Bath, in Bath they tell of New York. At New York, where the same old dealers buy or spurn the same old books, they talk wistfully of California. In Los Angeles, nuzzling a lousy piña colada in the Sirhan Sirhan lounge of the Ambassador Hotel, they gaze at where they think the Pacific is, full of wild surmise about Japanese bibliophiles, silent upon a heap of dear yen. In Tokyo they tell of Stuttgart where, all books sold, they buy your catalogues and visiting cards . . . Men of a dusty dream, they will pilgrimage on till the last library has crumbled into microfiche.

Poetry

Blake Morrison

Looking Down

It's small wonder that so many culture-promoting schemes founder in this country, for the language of arts administration often seems to embody a sense of defeat. Culture is often spoken of as an ailing geriatric unable to exist without artificial support; or else it is described in terms of an overseas Christian mission – 'we', the enlightened few, have something which ought to be passed on to 'them', the untutored natives. Both 'propping up' and missionary zeal certainly lay behind the setting up, 25 years ago, of the Poetry Book Society. Proposed by Stephen Spender, encouraged by the Arts Council, and given the go-ahead by several key publishers of the time (T. S. Eliot, John Lehmann, Victor Gollancz, John Murray), the Society's purpose was, its founders announced, 'to help poetry' and 'to further the education of the people of this country by fostering and propagating the art'.

It was, on paper, a disconcertingly solemn programme (poetry as education rather than poetry as enjoyment), and it didn't help that the name 'Poetry Book Society' itself carried such unpromising associations – bibliomaniacs proudly showing each other their leather-bound volumes with never a thought for the poems inside. And yet the PBS is one of the few literary ventures of this kind to survive. True, it has never had more than 1,000 members and at one time subscriptions fell to less than half that total; but over the years it has distributed more than 100,000 volumes of new work – no mean achievement when you think how little poetry is bought.

As book clubs go, the PBS is not cheap, but nor is it a way of dumping the rubbishy or remaindered. For an annual subscription that inflation keeps pushing up (it now stands at £12), members receive four volumes of poetry chosen by academic- or poet-selectors; recommendations of other worthwhile collections; a quarterly bulletin containing prose contributions from the selected and recommended poets; and a Christmas anthology of new work. Those who feel that they know their way around poetry don't tend to subscribe for very long (you may get landed with a choice you don't want); but the scheme is of particular value to students (who get cheap rates), to overseas readers, and to those in this country without a good local bookshop. Within these modest limits, the PBS is a considerable success.

The recent Silver Jubilee celebration party was therefore an occasion for a certain amount of back-slapping. Appropriately gathered on the top floor of one of central London's tallest buildings, most of the high-ups were there and spent much of their time enjoying the remarkable view (the exception was the most famous high-window gazer of them all, who took a typically bleak line on the cityscape: 'It oughtn't to be allowed', he was reported to mutter). It was, on the whole, a sober occasion (you'd have to be both very stupid and very persistent to get drunk on Martini), and amongst the suits and ties the well-heeled lady searching for garret-poets to patronise was clearly down on her luck. In his speech Eric Walter White drew attention to a useful volume he has just put together, *Poetry Book Society: The First 25 Years* (PBS £1), which contains many fascinating and even (for scholars) important items from the quarterly bulletins: Eliot on poetry in schools, Robert Graves in paradoxical mood ('a poet needs constant discouragement'), Larkin fatalistic about his writing ('the only consolation in the whole business, as in just about every other, is that in all probability there was really no choice'), George Barker on composition ('the poem allowed the poet to discover it'), Betjeman, Roy Fuller, Gunn, Hughes, Hill, Heaney, Dunn and many more.

Twenty-five years is a good run by any standards, but if there are to be 25 more, and if more than 0.002% of the population is to be involved, then it's time for the PBS to start thinking about possible changes. The recommendations scheme, for example, has never worked very well; it would stand more chance of doing so if offers or reductions could be made on the recommended books. The small presses have not had a fair crack: a bit of imagination, and a bit less kowtowing to the big publishers (who threatened to withdraw if the small presses were let in on the scheme), and they could usefully be involved. There could be a more adventurous approach to new

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developments and new names in contemporary poetry, and some sort of information service for subscribers. Above all, a less bureaucratic spirit could prevail; horrifying to hear, and all the more horrifying that Eric Walter White could tell the tale without any apparent embarrassment, that in 1955 the PBS turned down a potential choice because the publisher had failed to submit it 'through the correct channels' – that book was Larkin's *The Less Deceived.*

Opera

Peter Conrad

Tears

Werther *Covent Garden; further performance 8 June*

Goethe's *Werther* is an essay in romantic metaphysics, Massenet's *Werther* an anecdote about sexual titillation. The young men who killed themselves in homage to Goethe's suicidal hero did so not out of unrequited love but, like Wagner's Tristan and Isolde, as a release from metaphysical despair. In the novel, Werther's obsession with Charlotte is not love but a perceptual anxiety. He congratulates himself on his capacity to feel, which he is ambitious to expand. Charlotte, however, stubbornly resists his attempts to appropriate her. Her domestic tranquillity stands opposed to Werther's questing egotism. She symbolises the obdurate object coveted by the anguished romantic: Werther wants to lose himself in her, to disappear into her family. But he can't shrug off his own existence, and she won't surrender hers. The novel is about the impossibility of human communication. Hence the aptness of its epistolary format: Werther writes letters about Charlotte or even to her, and can communicate with her obliquely by reading to her his translation of Ossian, but he is forever separated from her, immured within his own wearisome individuality. He defines happiness as what he can't have – the bliss of mental remission. His self-annihilation is therefore an anticipation of the suicidal renunciation imposed by Schopenhauer on Wagner's characters.

Though the novel is about Charlotte's effect on Werther, the opera is about his effect on her. In the novel, he helplessly writes the letters, but in the opera she receives and solicitously re-reads them. Massenet interprets Goethe's metaphysical puzzle erotically. His Werther is a tempter, enticing Charlotte away from her stolid, grumpy husband, and his Charlotte is a sanctimonious tease, who admits her attraction to Werther only when he's safely dying. Goethe is interested in the frustrating limitations of the mind, Massenet in the delicious weakness of the heart, celebrated in Charlotte's 'Air des larmes'. As Charlotte falters, she relies on religion to save her from herself, like the penitent courtesan Thaïs. Emerging from church, she says that her strength – meaning her ability to resist – is redoubled by prayer, and when yearning for Werther's return she beseeches God to protect her from her own wayward heart. She prescribes a saintly therapy for sexual disturbance, first exiling Werther, then (as he bitterly says) sentencing him to death for having aroused her. As soon as he shoots himself, she can avow her love, reward him with the postponed kiss, and settle down to join him in enjoying his extinction: 'On est si bien ici,' he remarks, bleeding to death on the floor.

Covent Garden's Werther is Alfredo Kraus, whose combination of musical intensity and elegant dramatic diffidence exactly suits the part. Kraus acts the courtier: though Werther acclaims the sedate bourgeois world into which he strays as a paradise, he can't belong in it, and destroys it by infecting it with his own discontent. During its long career, *Werther* has slid south. Goethe's hero is an abstracted German philosopher, Massenet's a French philanderer with a Rousseau-esque appreciation of nature. Kraus and his Charlotte, Teresa Berganza, are Spanish, and their voices mediterraneanise the morbid northern emotions. His singing dazzles metallically, hers has a sensual gleam. On the first night, however, Berganza was ill, and Viorica Cortez was air-freighted in to replace her. She played Charlotte as a suburban vamp, and sounded ravaged. Massenet relishes the character's protracted hesitation and her guilty self-reproach: the rampant Cortez seemed only too lubriciously eager to yield. Berganza recovered in time for the third performance, and proceeded to show how the role should be done. Whereas Cortez was a flagrant adulteress, Berganza is a worried, awakening child. Her Charlotte is an extension of her classic Cherubino, confused and frightened rather than elated by sex, happier playing with her siblings than in coping with the adult demands made on her by Werther. Berganza's voice is at once vivacious and sombre: it is this combination of opposite qualities which makes her Cherubino or Cenerentola so moving, and in *Werther* too her singing is elegiac, weighted by sadness and regret. She laments throughout a happiness which is either lost or prohibited. At the beginning she mourns the death of her mother, at the end she is nominated by Werther as his chief mourner, who will consecrate his memory by visiting his grave under the lime trees.

Isobel Buchanan is brilliant as Sophie, Charlotte's irrepressibly optimistic younger sister. The strength and purity of her voice change Sophie from the usual twittering soubrette into an antagonist for Werther. Her version of nature contradicts his: instead of the stormy gloom of his Ossian translation, she sings of cheery sun and pantheistic joy ('le bonheur est dans l'air'). Throughout the second act she dogs him, interrupting his self-pitying soliloquies with invitations to a dance and attempting to cajole him into good humour. She is even present at his death, triumphantly carolling outside the window. Charlotte in Albert's house sings the praise of tears, which ease the exhausted heart; Sophie, in opposition, counsels laughter ('le rire est béni'). But even her innocent insensibility proves vulnerable to conversion by Werther. Goethe's hero, maddened by the solipsism of romantic philosophy, becomes in Massenet a theoretician of the sentiments, reducing the characters he meets to victims of their bittersweet emotions and their treacherous sexuality, and in the churchyard scene his power is measured by his success in making even the volatile Sophie weep.

Weekend Competition

No 2569 **Set by Joyce Johnson**

Challenged to find rhymes for 'Popocatapetl', the barrister brother of Kenneth Horne came up with:

> I am Mount Popocatapetl:
> You will agree
> When I erupt, I scatter metal
> Over land and sea.
> Don't let my molten matter settle
> On your vertebrae –
> It's safer far to pat a nettle
> Than sit on me.

An eight-line poem, if you please, rhyming *abababab*, with the quadrisyllabic (at least) name of any river or mountain as the last word of the first line; by 22 June.

Result of No 2566 Set by Ms de Meaner

We asked for apposite anagrams of the names of the new Thatcher administration.

Report **by Fatboy**

A pity that the choicest anagram also proved the easiest to unravel: Margaret Thatcher, 137 of you pointed out, is none other than That Great Charmer. A fairly talented entry, though with several score of top brass to choose from, you were rather narrow in your range of anagramees. A quid a shot.

Thin, Murky Shape (Humphrey Atkins)
A Right Wee Fooler (The Earl of Gowrie)
In All I'm The Cheese (Michael Heseltine)
JAMES MICHIE

A Real Slick Mr (Mark Carlisle)
Oor Heds Snoby (Rhodes Boyson)
BILL GREENWELL

A Drollish Ham (Lord Hailsham)
Moist Not Hairy (Timothy Raison)
JOHN STANLEY

H.R.H. Camera Target (Margaret Thatcher)
Hail, Lord Sham (Lord H)
JOHN AND PRUE FULLER

I'm Wet, I'll Wail . . . Wah! (William Whitelaw)
Er . . . Who IS Geoffrey? (Sir Geoffrey Howe)
JIM ANTHONY

I Shall Do Harm (Lord H)
More Old Ass (Lord Soames)
FRANK ANDERSON

Price? Er, Ten G (RP)
Heap Moneyspill (Sally Oppenheim)
BASIL RANSOME-DAVIES

Re All Shopmen – I'm Spy (Mrs Sally Oppenheim)
We, Goofy – He, Ref (Geoffrey Howe)
JOYCE JOHNSON

Silly Pom Pea-Hen (SO)
Roman As St John's Vent (Norman St John Stevas)
MAY DAY

No Shy Sod: Bore (RB)
ERIC HOYLE

Reds – pike them! (Mr Keith Speed)
W. MAY BYRON

'Risk the Ship' Joe (Sir Keith Joseph)
GERRY HAMILL

Heath: 'Grrr – Cat Meat' (MT)
STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

He's lithe, male, *nice*! (MH)
YELSAP

Oh Pikish Jester (SKJ)
D. P. SHENKIN

Hate Murphy's Kin (HA)
MAGGIE HARRISON

Err . . . Money For The Wops, G.H? Fi! (Rt Hon. Sir Geoffey Howe, MP)
KEITH AITKEN

Grim Hate-Hag, Etc (Maggie Thatcher)
MARTIN FAGG

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Tony Miles

Chess

No 136 **Super-Super Tournament**

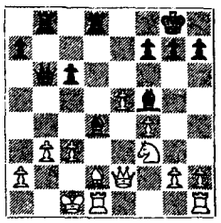
With the super-tournament becoming almost commonplace, it had to happen – the first 'super-super tournament' in Montreal. The organisers aimed at getting the world's top ten players – though limiting the Soviet contingent to three – and they almost succeeded. The only problem was that the Russians insisted on excluding Korchnoy. That every invited player accepted is hardly surprising when one considers the prize fund of over $100,000 (twice the previous highest for a tournament) with a first prize of $25,000 and a last(!) of $4,000.

The event was a double round all-play-all, and from an early stage a leading group of Karpov, Tal, Portisch and Ljubojevic opened up a clear gap over the rest of the field, but in the later stages first Ljubojevic, then Portisch, fell back leaving the two Russians equal first with 12/18.

The final scores make interesting reading: Karpov, Tal 12, Portisch 10½ (the only players above 50 per cent!), Ljubojevic 9, Spassky and Timman 8½, Hort, Hubner and Kavalek 8 and Larsen 5½. Tal was the only undefeated player, Karpov missing first place courtesy of Larsen. This game adds further weight to the suspicion that the World Champion is a little vulnerable to unusual openings.

White: A Karpov **Black: B Larsen**

1.P-K4, P-Q4; 2.PxP, QxP; 3.N-QB3, Q-QR4; 4.P-Q4, N-KB3; 5.B-Q2, B-N5; 6.B-K2, BxB; 7.QNxB, Q-N3; 8.N-KB3, QN-Q2; 9.0-0, P-K3; 10.P-B4, B-K2; 11.P-QN4, 0-0; 12.P-QR4, P-B3; 13.Q-B2, Q-B2; 14.KR-K1, P-QN3; 15.P-R5, KR-N1; 16.P-R6, P-QN4; 17.P-B5, N-Q4; 18.N-B1, R-K1; 19.N-Q3, QR-Q1; 20.P-N3, B-B3; 21.R-K4, N-B1; 22.P-R4, R-Q2; 23.K-N2, KR-Q1; 24.P-N4, R-K1; 25.P-N5, B-Q1; 26.N(B3)-K5, QR-K2; 27.B-B4, Q-B1; 28.B-N3, P-B3; 29.N-B3, R-KB2; 30.Q-Q2, PxP; 31.NxP, R-B4; 32.R-R3, N-KN3; 33.N-B3, R1-B1; 34.N(B3)-K5, NxN; 35.RxN, R-B6; 36.R-R1, BxP; 37.Q-K2, BxB; 38.PxB, Q-Q2; 39.QxR, RxQ; 40.KxR, NxP; 41.R-Q1, QxP; 42.R-K4, Q-Q4; 43.N-B2, Q-R4ch; 44.K-N2, N-Q4; 45.RxP, P-R3; 46.R-Q3, K-R2; 47.R-B3, P-N5; 48.P-N4, Q-N4; 49.K-N3, Q-B8; 50.N-R3, Q-QB5; 51.P-N5, P-R4; 52.R-K8, P-R5ch; 53.K-N2, P-N6; 54.R-QN1, Q-K7ch; 55.N-B2, N-K6ch; Resigns.



Problem 136

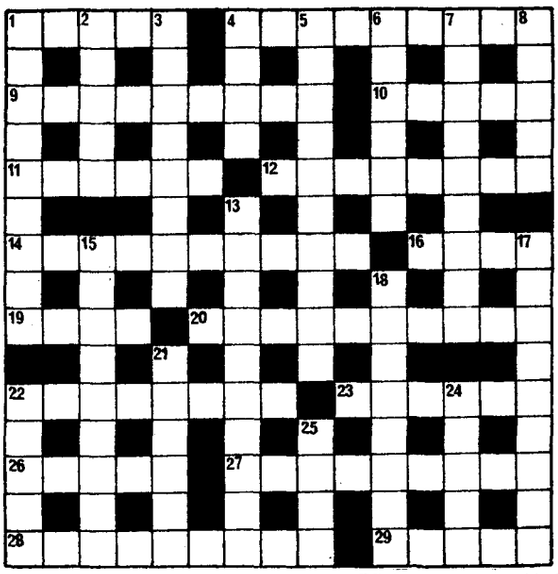
Black to play. How should the game go? Answers to me at the NEW STATESMAN postmarked not later than 20 June.

Solution to Problem 134

(Main line only) 1.R-R6ch, K-Q4; 2.R-B5ch, K-K5; 3.R-B5!, B-N4; 4.RxB!, RxR; 5.R-R4ch, K-Q4; 6.P-B4ch!, K-B4; 7.PxR, P-N6!; 8.R-R5ch, K-N5; 9.P-N6!, draws.

Weekend Crossword 1305

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1305, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 19 June.



ACROSS

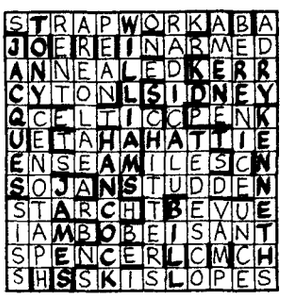
1 Ammunition for canon (5).
4 Where to spend time among priests (9).
9 Part of army put in plane or vessel (9).
10 Provide food for half-term in a saloon (5).
11 Scorched water-colour? (6).
12 Agreements which are in the bag? (8).
14 China for one who tantalises with sin (3,7).
16 Pull back for protection (4).
19 One of three last year getting nought in an Oxford degree subject (4).
20 Points in which I take pleasure are not the main illustrations (10).
22 Where a minor is returned – without a majority (8).
23 A capital is almost a favourite with its ruler (6).
26 'War is the —— of kings' (Dryden) (5).
27 Let hot cocoa turn into food (9).
28 See one start composing dissertations (9).
29 Journalist gets round staff to make corrections (5).

DOWN

1 Reject useful information where there is a lot of rubbish (6,3).
2 A mule converted by theologians (5).
3 Bank on the Spanish for verse (8).
4 Prohibition in the native townships (4).
5 Vehicle makes contact with ammunition cases (10).
6 Instructions about a poem turning up (6).
7 With a sovereign in attendance money gain unauthorised admission (9).
8 Gentleman as got up in women's garments (5).
13 So I advance wrongly when there are things to be shunned (10).
15 It hangs on for a long time after a very quiet finale (9).
17 Fell out as I sink right in middle of action (9).
18 Annoying to me without losses of temper (8).
21 Puts me in Final, though most injured (6).
22 Music found to include part of Bible (5).
24 Behead him with time to make a likeness (5).
25 Trophies for pointless writers (4).

SETSQUARE

Solution to Salamanca 18



Prizewinners to Salamanca 18

P.F. Henderson
(Darlington)
Frances Townsend
(London SW13)
R.A. England
(London W3)

Unclued answers form the stars of BBC radio's Hancock's Half-hour (1950's); Tony Hancock, Sidney James, Bill Kerr, Hattie Jacques, Kenneth Williams.

Holidays/Travel

GREECE, ISLAND OF SKYROS. Cottage to let on the beach, September. Sleeps 4 comfortably. £85 p.w. 01-940 5468.

LARGE VICTORIAN FAMILY HOUSE Richmond Hill area to let August. £100 per week. 01-940 5468.

RESIDENTIAL SCULPTOR SCHOOL in Sussex starting 1 July. Own studio, individual tuition, £100 per weew. No beginners. Write for details to Box 5415.

Archaeology in Israel

Digs in Israel require volunteers this summer. If you are fit and looking for a holiday that is worthwhile (in the sun) send s.a.e. to:

Project 67 (Archaeology),
36 Great Russell Street,
London WC1B 3PP.
Tel: 01-636 1262

CLUB SINGLES

If you are unmarried, go on holiday alone or with friends, and agree with us that it's the people you meet on holiday who make it special, then you should see our brochure. Write now to: Club Singles (NSC), 23/25 Abingdon Rd. London W8. Tel. 01-937 6503.

MEMORIES FOR A LIFETIME! East Africa wildlife safaris August and November 8 weeks. Overland expeditions 18 weeks September and December visiting 12 countries. Free brochure. Adventure Africa, 34b High Street, Ramsbury, Wiltshire. Tel. Ramsbury (067-22) 569.

WORLD WIDE ECONOMY FLIGHTS. Australia, New Zealand, USA, Canada, Far East, Europe, Tel Aviv & South Africa. Salisbury Travel Ltd, 31 Haymarket, SW1. 839 6958.

HOLIDAY LET. Self-contained flat, W1, near Regent's Park, Harley St, University of London. Double bedroom, bth/shower, lounge, fitted kitchen, colour TV. Available 15 June. Period of let negotiable. £110 p.w. Phone 01-435 1215.

TRADE UNION FRIENDSHIP Holidays to the German Democratic Republic. 15 days Summer Tours 2. All with 2 days in Berlin. From £175. Tour 1 Kuehlungsborn on the Baltic coast 30 June-14 July £175. Tour IV Gernode in the Harz Mountains 28 July-11 Aug. £179. Tour V Kuehlungsborn 5-19 Aug. £183. Tour VII Oberhof 19 Aug.-2 Sept. £183. Progressive Tours, 12 Porchester Place, London W2. 01-262 1676.

BEST VALUE FARES, regular, reliable departures, World Wide and European destinations. LAS Empire House, 119 Regent Street, London W1. Phone 439 8511 (Answerphone) 2/3.

WELSH HILLS. Superb situation, all comforts. D. b. & b., £40 p.w. Bonner, Bron Fadog, Trefriw, N. Wales, Llanrwst 640566.

SPEND CHRISTMAS IN MALTA with Humanist Holidays. £149. Mrs Beer, 58 Weir Road, London SW12 0NA.

Travel Bargains of 1979

BERLIN, DRESDEN, LEIPZIG. £110

August 18th-26th and Sept. 15th-23rd
Full board, 1st class hotel and sightseeing.

YUGOSLAV RIVIERA. Sept. 28th-Oct. 9th £95.
VENICE, VERONA. June 16th-25th, Sept. 1st-10th £82.
ROME & FLORENCE. Sept. 29th-Oct. 8th, Dec. 23rd-Jan. 1st £90.
TILBURY/LENINGRAD CRUISE. Sept. 28th-Oct. 9th £175.
ALGERIA & SAHARA. Dec. 22nd-Jan. 4th £120.

Yorkshire Tours, 49 Thornton Lodge Road,
Huddersfield HD1 3JQ.
Phone 0484 24269.

TRANSAMAZONIA: Bogata to Rio 7 July. £260 + air. Aardvark, 01-340 7598.

PLANNING A HOLIDAY in Barbados? Comfortable flat available near sea. For details write: The Proprietor, 71 Atlantic Shores, Christchurch, Barbados.

PICK RASPBERRIES IN SCOTLAND. July/Aug. Campsite avail. Send large s.a.e. to Vac-Work, 9 Park End Street, Oxford.

PERU overland 5 wks from Rio to Machu, inc. Inca Trail Hike. 15 Aug. £260 + air. Aardvark, 14 Coleridge Rd, London N8.

SUN TRAVEL, Greece, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, Spain. 01-734 6661/2.

Accom. Vacant

DULWICH—13 mins Victoria. 3 bedroomed c.h. town house to let min. one year. Garage, garden £75 p.w. incl. Deposit. Tel.: 01-629 8886 ext. 242 (day) 01-670 7267 (eves). Box 5403.

LONDON SUMMER: Academic's family maisonette, garden square, Sth Kensington avail 20 July-10 Sept. or part. Sleeps 5/6. £90 p.w. plus feed cat. Box 5409.

MID JULY through Aug., chaotic family grd flr flat, 4 beds, 2 recept, k/b. opp. Battersea Pk. £600 excl. 01-622 3644.

Accom. Wanted

GRADUATE TEACHER, male, 33, reqs bedsit. or flatshare in Hornsey or Muswell Hill. Refs. John Kiely, 15 Wynn Rd, Whitstable, Kent. Phone 265448.

VISITING AMERICAN PROF. seeks 3-bedroom house/flat for July, to extend sabbatical visit. Preferably N. London or Kensington. Phone 01-609 5618.

VISITING ACADEMICS. Landlords: we *urgently require flats & houses within easy* reach of the British Museum & the University. Helen Watson & Co. 01-580 6275/9.

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APPOINTMENTS

ilea INNER LONDON EDUCATION AUTHORITY

Assistant Director

Educational Publishing

(Learning Materials Service)

Salary Range £7,927 - £8,626

(inclusive of London weighting)

We are looking for an experienced educational publisher with a real interest in curriculum development. Candidates must be able to guide a range of projects in a variety of subjects and media – the latter including print, slides, audio-cassettes and video-cassettes. Extensive commissioning experience is necessary, as is the ability to work with and support groups of teachers engaged in curriculum development.

The Assistant Director will be one of a small team responsible for the day-to-day running of the Publishing Centre, which is a part of ILEA's Learning Materials Service and is situated in Highbury Station Road, London N.1. The Service works with teachers to produce publications and video-cassettes, where they are not commercially available, for London schools and colleges.

This post offers considerable scope for someone who wants to combine the disciplines of publishing with some room for educational innovation.

Further details and application forms are obtainable from the Education Officer (EO/Estab 1B), Room 367, the County Hall, London SE1.
Forms to be returned by 22 June 1979.

AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL

seeks

Deputy Head of Research

for

London-based International Secretariat.

The Deputy Head of Research assists with the implementation of Amnesty International's Research policies and ensures that the quality and impartiality of its information is maintained.

The Deputy Head of Research co-ordinates the work of Amnesty International on specific campaigns and investigations in liaison with other departments in the Secretariat.

Applicants should have a broad knowledge of political, economic and legal situations in different parts of the world, have fluent English and good knowledge of at least one other European language. Previous experience of working in a Human Rights organisation or any other international organisation an advantage.

Salary: £5,667 p.a. Closing date: 30 June.

For further details and application form please contact:

Personnel Office, 10 Southampton Street, London WC2 7HF
Tel: 01-836 7788

FARNEY CLOSE SCHOOL LIMITED

(A non profit making Charitable Trust)

Headmaster designate: Mr P. L. Thomas

Resident Child Care Staff

required for 1 September 1979.

Farney Close is a co-educational all age boarding school for emotionally disturbed children. The school aims to provide a structured caring environment in which the children will mature into socially successful adults.

We require mature well balanced staff capable of assisting us in this aim.

Vacancies exist for persons with or without experience in the field. Salaries negotiable according to age and experience. Apply in first instance with full curriculum vitae and name of two referees to: **Ms M. Edward, Company Secretary, Bolney Court, Bolney, Sussex RH17 5RD.**

SENIOR INFORMATION OFFICER

INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS

To join the Management Information service, a small specialist team responsible for acquiring information and answering members' enquiries on a wide range of management subjects. This position is a specialist one requiring knowledge of industrial relations law and practice. The unit is part of the Institute's Management Information Centre which maintains one of the largest collections of management books, journals and company documents in Europe.

Opportunities to attend courses and seminars and regular contact with professional and industrial organisations, enable the information staff to broaden their knowledge of current developments in management.

We are looking for a young graduate or professionally qualified person with not less than 18 months' business experience, preferably in the industrial relations or personnel field.

Starting salary between £4,033 and £4,901 (including London allowance) plus 55p luncheon vouchers, 4 weeks' annual holiday, contributory pension scheme.

BIM

Write or telephone for further details to Staff Officer, British Institute of Management, Management House, Parker Street, London WC2B 5PT. Tel No: 01-405 3456.

AGE CONCERN

Head of Publishing

AGE CONCERN ENGLAND requires a Head of Publishing for its Publishing Department.

This is a new appointment and the person appointed will be required to initiate and supervise all aspects of a wide range of publishing projects from manuscript stage to final publication. The person will also be responsible for all in-house printing.

Salary on scale £5,497 - £6,738, 4 weeks holidays, subsidised staff canteen, contributory pension scheme.

Further details and application form from: **Administrative Secretary, Age Concern England, Bernard Sunley House, 60 Pitcairn Road, Mitcham, Surrey CR4 3LL.**

Closing date for applications **22 June 1979.**

Re-advertisement

BANKING INSURANCE AND FINANCE UNION

Appointment of

Trade Union Organiser

for the

West Midland Area

Applications are invited from persons of suitable qualifications and Trade Union background for the above post of Area Organiser. Commencing salary £4,722 per annum rising to £5,788 per annum. Car provided, good holidays and Conditions of Service. Considerable travel is involved in this appointment. The successful applicant will be based on the Birmingham office.

Please send for application form to: **Mr John James, National Organiser, BIFU, 102 Bute Street, Cardiff CF1 6AD** BY TUESDAY 26 JUNE 1979. Previous applicants need not re-apply.

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AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL UNIVERSITY

HUMANITIES RESEARCH CENTRE

DEPUTY DIRECTOR AND PROFESSOR OF MODERN EUROPEAN STUDIES

Applications are invited from suitably qualified persons for appointment to the above-mentioned position.

The University is seeking to appoint a distinguished scholar with an established reputation in some area or areas of the humanities appropriate to modern European studies. It is looking for a person of broad intellectual sympathies, preferably with a command of two or more European languages.

The Deputy Director will be required to pursue research in his or her field of interest and to assist the Director, Professor Ian Donaldson, in the administration and long term planning of the Centre. As Professor of Modern European Studies, the appointee will be required to assume responsibility for, and take some part in, the teaching of undergraduate and postgraduate courses in Modern European Studies offered by the Faculty of Arts.

The term of office as Deputy Director will be a matter for agreement with the University but is expected to be for seven years initially with the possibility of reappointment. Appointment as professor is until retiring age, i.e. the end of the year in which the professor reaches the age of 65 years, with the option of retiring at any time after age 60.

Salary will be $A33,061 per annum. Present exchange rates are $A1 : UK£0.53 : $US1.10 : $C1.26.

Reasonable appointment expenses are paid. Superannuation benefits are available for applicants who are eligible to contribute. Assistance with finding accommodation is provided for an appointee from outside Canberra.

The University reserves the right not to make an appointment or to make an appointment by invitation at any time.

Prospective applicants should obtain the further particulars from:

The Association of Commonwealth Universities (Appts), 36 Gordon Square, London WC1H 0PF.

Applications close on **16 JULY 1979.**

FIELD WORKER

NORTH-WEST ENGLAND

Interested in working with teachers and Secondary school pupils in Religious and Moral Education? In arranging courses and conferences and creating curriculum materials?

Phone 01-444 8383 or write to **CHRISTIAN EDUCATION MOVEMENT, 2 Chester House, Pages Lane, Muswell Hill, London N10 1PR,** for further information and application form.

ASSISTANT FIELD WORKER

SOUTH-EAST ENGLAND

Interested in working with Primary and Secondary School pupils and teachers in Religious and Moral Education? In arranging courses and conferences and creating curriculum materials?

Phone 01-444 8383 or write to **CHRISTIAN EDUCATION MOVEMENT, 2 Chester House, Pages Lane, Muswell Hill, London N10 1PR** for further information and application form.

UNIVERSITY OF ESSEX

LECTURER IN THE DEPARTMENT OF GOVERNMENT

Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer (salary scale £4,333 - £8,992) for appointment from 1 October 1979. The holder of the post will be expected to teach in the field of methods of political analysis, including techniques in quantitative analysis, as well as in one of the major substantive fields in political science. The Department will consider with interest applicants with any field of specialisation in addition to methodology, but a specialisation in the relationship between economics and politics would be an advantage.

Applications (nine copies), including a curriculum vitae and the names and addresses of two referees, should reach the Registrar (AG/81/NS), University of Essex, Wivenhoe Park, Colchester CO4 3SQ, from whom further particulars may be obtained, by 22 June 1979.

UNIVERSITY OF BIRMINGHAM

FACULTY OF COMMERCE & SOCIAL SCIENCE

DEPARTMENT OF POLITICAL SCIENCE

TEMPORARY RESEARCH ASSOCIATE (Range 1B)

Applications are invited from well qualified graduates to assist in projected research into various aspects of the political life of the West Midlands. These include race relations, interest groups, and political parties. Some experience of survey research and interview techniques would be an advantage.

The appointment is for three years from 1 October 1979 on the salary scale: £3,775-£5,488 + superannuation.

Further particulars and application form from the Assistant Registrar (Commerce), University of Birmingham, PO Box 363, Birmingham B15 2TT, to whom the forms, naming three referees, should be returned by Friday, 29 June 1979, quoting ref. C/251/F.

UNIVERSITY OF ESSEX

LECTURER IN THE DEPARTMENT OF GOVERNMENT

Applications are invited for a newly established post of Lecturer (salary scale £4,333-£8,992) tenable from 1 October 1979. The post is allocated to the field of British Government and Politics but a teaching strength in an additional field of political science would be an advantage.

Applications (nine copies), including a curriculum vitae and the names and addresses of two referees, should reach the Registrar (AG/80/NS) University of Essex, Wivenhoe Park, Colchester CO4 3SQ, from whom further particulars may be obtained by 22 June 1979.

DARTINGTON HALL SCHOOL

TOTNES, DEVON.

This co-educational boarding and day school requires for January 1980 a

GRADUATE TEACHER OF CHEMISTRY

to 'O' and 'A' level. Salary Scale 1 or 2 Burnham. Write for further details or apply by letter (no forms) giving address, telephone number, qualifications and experience, with the names of two referees, to the Headmaster.

Head of Education Department Vacancy

Applications are invited for the post of Head of the Education Department at CPSA Headquarters. The post is newly-created, arising from a decision to split the present Organisation and Education Department into two separate Departments. The work will comprise administrative duties together with lecturing at various union courses and preparation of educational programmes etc. The successful applicant will have specialist knowledge, with wide experience in the trade union education field. The starting pay, with effect from 1 August, is £7,332 per annum, rising by five annual increments to a maximum of £8,540, including Inner London Weighting. There will be a further salary increase on 1 January 1980. There is a non-contributory superannuation scheme providing for a pension and lump sum at the retiring age of 60. Full details will be supplied with application form which can be obtained from the: **Assistant General Secretary, The Civil and Public Services Association, 215 Balham High Road, London SW17 7BQ.** The closing date for receipt of applications is **6 July 1979.**

This post is being re-advertised. Previous applicants need not re-apply.

THE ARCHITECTURAL ASSOCIATION

require an

ASSISTANT

for busy architectural college library. Interesting varied work suitable for library school leaver. Hours 10-6. Monday to Friday. Applications/enquiries to

Librarian, Architectural Association, 36 Bedford Square, London WC1B 3ES. Tel.: 01-636 0974, ext. 33.

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Required for **Export Manager** of well-known publishers situated in Clapham. Will be expected to work on own initiative and take responsibility. Salary according to age and experience.

Ring Mr. M. Pantin

01-622 9933 ext. 221

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SECRETARY/PA

required for Director and Company Secretary of small professional organisation in Bloomsbury. Audio-typing and shorthand skills necessary. Considerable scope for initiative. Salary scale: £3,714-£3,996, with pay settlement pending. Applications with names of two referees, giving details of qualifications and previous experience, by 15 June, to Secretary: Museums Association, 34 Bloomsbury Way, London WC1A 2SF.

NALGO

seeks an

ASSISTANT ORGANISING OFFICER

for its Headquarters' Local Government Section. The post-holder will assist the National Officer on service conditions work on behalf of a wide range of white-collar local government members. Duties include work relating to national negotiating bodies, preparing reports, correspondence, attendance at meetings, preparing agenda and minutes.

Experience in trade union activity is essential and knowledge of local government would be advantageous.

Salary range is £6,702 - £7,023 p.a. (under review) and the post is superannuable.

Application form and further particulars from the General Secretary, NALGO, 1 Mabledon Place, London WC1H 9AJ. Closing date for receipt of completed applications is 22 June 1979.

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HOSTEL MANAGER (no overnights) for Residential Hostel for ten registered drug addicts with staff of seven social work assistants and good accountancy support: CQSW preferred but relevant qualifications considered: experience in administration useful but not essential: start July — North London: salary (with London Weighting, Allowances and estimated July increase) around £5,500 p.a. Apply in writing only, giving brief curriculum vitae and names of two referees to The Director, 43 Talgarth Road, London W14.

BALHAM LAW CENTRE wants Two Workers to join community oriented housing team. One caseworker, one with specialist skills, e.g. research, but room for change. Four flexible days a week each. Ring 01-673 8602 for details.

THEATRICAL AGENT requires Assistant willing to work for a mere pittance. Interest in theatre more important than clerical skills. Might suit mother with children at school. Phone Barry Brown 01-582 5217.

PART-TIME TUTORS in English required for our Continental students. Denmark Hill area. Self-employed basis, 15 hours weekly. £24 per week. 01-274 3143 (mornings).

A MATURE PERSON is required for a B/B hotel in Central London as Assistant Manager/ess with a view to take over management in near future. Phone Mr Langer, 01-636 4888.

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YORKSHIRE ARTS ASSOCIATION

wishes to appoint a

Literature Officer

(Salary on the Local Government Officers' AP3/AP4/AP5 range: £3,732-£5,073 — under review).

This is a new post: the person appointed will be required to take responsibility for the full range of the Association's Literary activities in the region.

Further details/application forms from **the Director, Yorkshire Arts, Glyde House, Glydegate, Bradford, West Yorkshire BD5 0BQ.** Closing date: **29 June.**

Vacation Work — Kingston-upon-Thames

Student required for vacation job to assist in classifying papers for union archives. Details of employment by agreement but preferably for July - September. Salary up to £60 per week depending on age.

Applications to:

M. T. Wilkinson,
Society of Post Office Executives,
116 Richmond Road,
Kingston-upon-Thames,
Surrey KT2 5HL.

EXPERIENCED RESEARCH ASSISTANT

A vacancy has arisen for an economics graduate (or equivalent) with an interest in company finance and/or management techniques to join the Research Department of the TGWU. Trade Union or related experience preferred, salary £97 per week plus LVs.

Applications, including brief c.v. should be sent by 11 June to **The Administrative Officer, Transport & General Workers Union, Transport House SW1.**

YOUNG EXECUTIVE

required to sell

Client Information Service to Accountants.

Must be capable of organising direct mail and other means of communicating on limited budget. Salary not less than £6,000 p.a. Car provided. Full particulars in writing to:

Mr P. A. Bayliss,
HUGILL & CO,
38 Chancery Lane,
London WC2A 1EL.

Chartered Professional Association seeks full-time

SECRETARY FOR HEAD OF INFORMATION SERVICES

with normal secretarial skills but interested in developing information services on a broad front to country-wide membership. Opportunity for developing communication skills of flexible person willing to form part of a small, active team.

Further details from **Head of Information Services, Society of Industrial Artists & Designers, 12 Carlton House Terrace, London SW1.**

BUSINESS CAREERS in Finance, Commerce, Insurance, etc. for experienced people and Trainees. Contact Covent Garden Appointments, 01-353 7696.

CAREERS IN PUBLISHING. The Arts, Publicity, The Professions and Educational world for Graduate and 'A' Level Secretaries Permanent and Temporary. Covent Garden Staff Bureau 01-353 7696.

Studentships

UNIVERSITY OF LEICESTER

SCHOOL OF SOCIAL WORK

SSRC RESEARCH STUDENTSHIP

Applications are invited for an SSRC Research Studentship in the School of Social Work, tenable for two years from 1 October 1979 (with possibility of extension). The successful applicant will be required to register for an MPhil/PhD degree and to undertake full-time research. The studentship is intended to be linked to existing theoretical and research interests in the area of social policy and social work. Knowledge and experience of community intervention, the application of the concept of community to care policies at central or local state levels, or of differentiation in work and welfare, in theory and practice, would be particularly relevant. In order to qualify for the SSRC award, the successful candidate must hold, or receive this summer, an upper second class honours degree or a master's degree.

Application forms and further details from: Professor Martin Herbert, Director, School of Social Work, University of Leicester, 107 Princess Road East, Leicester LE1 7LA.

Closing date for completed applications: 28 June 1979.

UNIVERSITY OF ASTON IN BIRMINGHAM

POSTGRADUATE STUDENTSHIP IN POLITICAL STUDIES

Applications are invited for a university studentship, equivalent to an SSRC award, for full-time study leading to a higher degree by research. Applications from those interested in Government and Industry, Political, Thought and Industrial Society, or the Ideology of the Labour Movement would be especially welcome.

Candidates should preferably have, or expect to gain, an MSc or MA, and at least an upper second class honours degree in political studies.

Applications should be addressed to Dr G. T. Popham, Political and Economic Studies Group, University of Aston in Birmingham, Birmingham. They should include the names of two referees and a brief outline of proposed research.

Bursaries

Southern Arts

Bursaries for Writers, 1979/80

Authors of published poetry or fiction living in the Southern Arts region* are invited to apply for Bursaries tenable for periods of 3 months to 1 year. Amounts awarded will vary, with maximum of £3,000 to any one writer in one year.

*Berkshire, Hampshire, Isle of Wight, Oxfordshire, West Sussex, Wiltshire and East Dorset.

Further details from **The Literature Officer, Southern Arts, 19 Southgate Street, Winchester SO23 9EB** quoting ref. L10.

CLOSING DATE FOR APPLICATIONS: MONDAY, 9 JULY 1979.

Property

NEAR CENTRE OF READING. Attractive maisonette in recently converted Georgian terrace house. 2 reception; large double bedroom; night-storage; small garden; Paddington 25 mins. £16,000 o.n.o. Bradfield 744437.

LEASEHOLD UNIT, suitable for conversion in large country house, Herefordshire. Purchasers will form nucleus of a rural community. S.a.e. for details to: Heather Colly, Whitbourne Hall, Whitbourne, Worcester or phone 08862 418.

Financial

IMMEDIATE ADVANCES. £50-£20,000. Regional Trust Ltd, 8 Clifford St, New Bond St, London W1. 01-734 5983 or 2914.

LOANS FROM £50. Salaried Persons Postal Loans Ltd, 175 Regent Street, London W1. Tel. 01-734 1974.

Tuition

OXFORD GRADUATE (woman) offers private English lessons in Oxford. Heath, 297 Banbury Road, Summerstown, Oxford. (0865) 511823.

Personal

PARIS — flat off Blvd St Germain to let Sept. onwards. Min. 10 wks, while owners in London. Robertson 01-435 4907.

BAYREUTH TICKETS—2 tickets for 15/16 August (Lohengrin/Dutchman) in exch for ditto 17/18 Aug (Parsifal-Lohengrin) or would sell outright. Watford 29588.

MOTHER'S HELP TO COPENHAGEN. We are a family of six seeking a nice and competent young lady to help us keep a tolerable standard of order and organisation in our home. We live in a lovely big house close to the centre of Copenhagen housing, besides our family, a musical theatre which we run. It started out as a hobby, but has now grown into a large professional theatre taking up so much of our time that we now need extra help for the domestic affairs, starting on 15 July or as close to that date as possible. We pay half of the boat-fare to Denmark, and the salary is D.kr. 1.300 per month + board & lodging. Kindly apply: Mrs Annette-Billmann Asgardsvej 9, 1811 Copenhagen V, Denmark.

GRADUATE requires temporary/part-time academic research work. Box 5354.

YOUNG LADY reqs non-arrogant Driving Instructor (wkends). London/H. Counties. 693 7470.

EARTH MOTHER? Graduate father of four seeks similar mother 40ish, to cherish & merge, with view joint purchase civilised country home S. or W. of London. Many sporting & cultural interests particularly tennis & opera. Box 5347.

SEMI-RETIRED DOCTOR, travelling in France and Switzerland, Aug. and Sept., would like to meet lady interested in travelling abroad and driving. Sharing some expenses. Opportunity for mountain walks, climbing and skiing. Box 5283.

ATTRACTIVE WIDOW, 43, NW England, seeks unattached male companion, same age, country-lover, for quiet holiday, touring hills, dales, and moors. Share exps. Box 5435.

YOUNG MAN, 27, seeks nice and uncomplicated girl, 18-25, for journey to Asia, for some months from September '79, with Range Rover. Box 5222.

GROUP FOR WRITERS, 16-23 June. Welsh farmhouse. Joe Wesolowski, 30A Arundel Square, N7. 01-607 4172.

ATTRACTIVE professional woman, 41, divorced, seeks new friends, male and female. Box 5371.

GRADUATE, 22, female, culture-loving, seeks companions for world tour (esp. Asia). Box 5355.

BACHELOR, 65, wishes share apartment or obtain accommodation (b. & b.) Las Palmas, Gran Canaria next winter, 3 months from say mid-December. Box 5357.

ESPERANTO will cut translation costs of European Parliament. Write British Esperanto Assn, 140 Holland Pk Ave, W11 4UF.

WHAT IS PRIMAL BLISS? Bodymind Methods, Primal, Bioenergetic, **Gestalt,** Meditation. Reciport (reciprocal non-professional support) can be integrated. Reciport, 8 Princes Avenue N10 3LR. Tel. 01-556 4109 (8-9.30 a.m., 6.30-7 p.m. & weekends).

VEGETARIANS AGAINST THE NAZIS. S.a.e. to P.O. Box 151, London WC2 for Red Carrot badges (20p), and/or details.

ADVICE ON NATURISM, Nola Baker, Naturist HQ, Orpington BR5 4ET.

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Theatres

ALDWYCH THEATRE (Royal Shakespeare Company). 836 6404. Info 836 5332. Low price prevs 'Antony and Cleopatra'. See daily press for dates and times. RSC also at The Warehouse in Pam Gems' 'Piaf'.

CHICHESTER FESTIVAL THEATRE. 0243 781312. Season sponsored by Martini & Rossi. 'The Eagle has Two Heads' 8, 9, 11, 13, 14, 16 June (m.) 'The Devil's Disciple' 9 June (m.) 12, 14 (m.) 15, 16 Evgs 7.0 mats Thur., Sat 2.0.

HAMPSTEAD THEATRE, Swiss Cottage Centre, NW3. 01-722 9301. 'Then and Now' by David Mercer: with Simon Chandler, Mike Gwilym, Patricia Hodge, Morag Hood, John Nettleton, Liz Smith. Directed by Robin Lefèvre. 'Beautifully written, profoundly moving', J. Elsom, BBC. 'Scathing, brittle & witty', M. Shulman, E. Stand. Mon.-Sat. 8 p.m. Sat. mat. 5 p.m. Tickets £1.70 and £2.30.

ROYAL COURT. *730 1745. Evgs 8.0, Sats 5 & 8.30.* Regret no late comers. Billie Whitelaw in Samuel Beckett's own production of 'Happy Days'.

TOWER, Canonbury Place, N1. Stoppard's 'If You're Glad I'll be Frank' and 'The Real Inspector Hound', tonight & tomorrow at 7.30. Next Fri.: Edward Bond's 'Bingo'. Booking: 226 5111 (Mons. 6.30-8, Tues-Sats 2.15-8).

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NEW END. 794 0238. Simone Benmussa directs 'Portrait of Dora' by Helene Cixous (from Freud's 'Dora'). Tues.-Suns 8 p.m.

SAMUEL BECKETT directs Billie Whitelaw in 'Happy Days' at the Royal Court on Monday 11 June at 8 p.m., a benefit performance for Writers and Scholars Educational Trust, associated with the magazine Index on Censorship, 'an invaluable politically disinterested monitor of political repression the world over' Tom Stoppard. Seats at £2, £5, £10 from the Box Office 730 1745 or WSET 836 0024.

Cinema

SCREEN ON THE HILL. 435 3366 (Opp. Belsize Park Tube). 'The Private Files of J. Edgar Hoover' (AA). Progs 2.30, 4.30, 6.50, 9.10.

Exhibitions

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Meetings

YOUNG FABIANS: Barrie Sherman, Head of Research at ASTMS, will speak on 'White Collar Trade Unions' at the LSE, Houghton St, WC2, Tues. 12 June, 8 p.m.

CHINA'S VIEW OF THE WORLD. Speakers: Felix Greene, Claire Hollingworth, Michael Yehuda; chair: John Gittings. Friday 8 June 7 p.m. Holborn Central Library, Theobalds Rd. SACU.

FEMINIST REVIEW Forum: 'Women's wages: can we benefit from the free-for-all?' Speakers include: Kerry Schott, Bea Campbell, Tess Woodcraft. Thursday 14 June, 7.30 p.m. Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, London WC1.

ICA EVENTS, The Mall, SW1. 12 June 7.30 p.m. Dawn Ades on 'Dada, Surrealism and Madness' (accompanies the Wölfli exhibition). *14 June 1 p.m. Jill Tweedie* on her new book 'In the Name of Love'. 75p. 930 6393.

THE REVOLUTIONARY PRINCIPLES of Socialism. 75th Anniversary Meeting. Friday 15 June 7.30 p.m. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. WC1. Adm free. Questions. Discussion. The Socialist Party of Great Britain.

UNCTAD V. What happened? John Reardon, just back from Manila, reports to Wstminster UNA Tues. 12 June, 19.30. National Liberal Club (Meston Room), Whitehall Place, SW1. All welcome.

WHY YOU SHOULD JOIN the Socialist Party. A Nationwide series of meetings organised by the Socialist Party of Great Britain during June. The next meetings in this series are: Mid Surrey. Fri. 8 June, 8 p.m., Friends' Meeting House, North St., Guildford. W. Yorks: Fri 8 June, 7.30 p.m., Textile Hall, Westgate, Bradford. Bolton: Sat. 9 June, 8 p.m. York Hotel, Newport St., Bolton. Glasgow: Sun. 10 June, 8 p.m. McLellan Galleries, Glasgow. Haringey: Mon. 11 June, 8 p.m., West Green Library, Vincent Rd., Tottenham N15 (nearest tube Turnpike Lane). Westminster Wed. 13 June, 8 p.m., Acklam Hall, 36 Acklam Road, W10 (nearest tube Ladbroke Grove). For details of other meetings and free literature write to Socialist Party of Great Britain, Dept. NS, 52 Clapham High Street, London SW4.

DO WE NEED NEW CHURCH SCHOOLS? Speakers Martin Maycock and John White. *14 June 7.30 p.m.* Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. WC1. Org. by National Secular Society.

MEDITATION with Pir Vilayat Khan. 20 June 7.10 p.m. at Royal Overseas League, Park Place, St James's Street, London SW1. A holistic approach exploring the perspectives of expanded and enhanced consciousness through guided meditation. Tickets £2 from Sufi Order, 26 Chalcot Square, London NW1. S.a.e. please.

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THEOSOPHY: S.a.e. for pamphlets, book list, programme of activities, Sun. 10 June 8 p.m. Open Question/Answer Meeting. All welc. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2.

Focus on Europe

Focus Group, Royal Commonwealth Society, 18 Northumberland Ave., London WC2, Thursday, 14 June, 6.30 p.m. Rt Hon. Peter Walker, Min. of Agriculture — **'Europe — a multinational or International Future'.** Adm. 30p non RCS members.

SOCIETY FOR GENERAL SYSTEMS RESEARCH

Silver Anniversary International Meeting.

'Improving the Human Condition: Quality and Stability in Social Systems'.

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For further information please contact **SGSR Conference Office, The Open University, Systems Group, Walton Hall, Milton Keynes MK7 6AA. Telephone: Office hours 0908 63752, Outside office hours 0908 63274.**

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